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MARCH 11, 1931

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

"The Truth About Women": By *E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM*

the BYSTANDER

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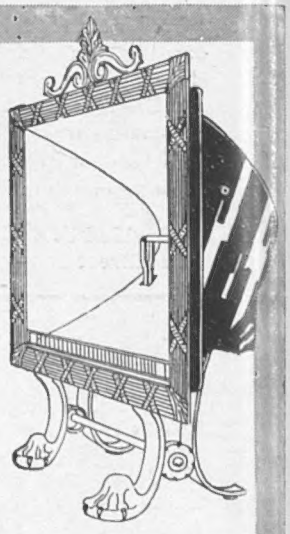

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The Bystander, March 11, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1421. Vol. CIX.

Lenare

CLARE, COUNTESS COWLEY

Who has now happily recovered from the nasty car accident in which she was involved on returning from a day's hunting some time ago. The widow of the third Earl Cowley, her home is at Seagry House, Chippenham

INDIAN POMP AND PAGEANTRY

THE State of Sachin, a maritime district in Guzerat, in the province of Bombay, was on February 5 last the scene of great pomp and ceremonial when H.H. Nawab Mahmud Haider Mahmud Khan was invested with full ruling powers of the State. This State, though small in size and population, is of importance in that it has always enjoyed a special position in political relations with the Government of Bombay, since the forefathers of the Nawab of Sachin were among those who established early friendly relations with the British, maintained unimpaired to this day.

THE late ruler, who died last November, offered his personal services and the entire resources of his State to the British Government during the War, and proceeded on active service to German East Africa. Present at the battle of Tanga he was twice mentioned in despatches for gallantry in action, and promoted to the rank of Major.

THE present ruler is an enthusiastic sportsman, and takes a keen interest in the administrative duties which have devolved upon him. The festivities in connection with the investiture lasted for six days, and above is a photograph of His Highness of Sachin being invested with ruling powers, the British Political Agent performing the ceremony in the presence of a brilliant gathering of guests and subjects.

ON the left is a picture of H.H. Nawab Haider Khan as he appeared at the investiture. In contrast to the magnificent jewels and elaborate dress of the native magnates, the British Political Agent was attired in the sombre garb of the West End, a tail coat, dark striped trousers, and *spats!* It is to many regrettable that in the Orient, where appearance counts, the representative of the British Raj cannot appear at least in diplomatic uniform instead of the usual garments suited to a city.

the passing hour

Sport and General

A double fall during one of the races at the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point, held near Somerton. Sir John Pole-Carew on Punchinello and Capt. G. Whitaker on Fidus Achates come to grief at the same fence

Kay ton

ON THE "GRAND STAND"

Lady Manton finds that a car provides a good vantage point from which to watch the racing at the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point

Alfieri

More visitors to the Bicester and Warden Hill Point-to-Point, held at Somerton, near Banbury. Lady Fiona Pratt and Miss Baker are seen discussing prospects with Sir Gerard Fuller

An ominous sign of the near future is the indication of weakness in the pound sterling. Curious manœuvres are being practised by the great financial concerns of New York and Paris, who commonly buy short-date Treasury Bills, because they foresee a collapse in the sterling exchange. Ominous is the only word to use, for if sterling collapses no one knows what will happen next. But it is a matter that must seriously be exercising Mr. Snowden's mind, and is the reason he spoke so gravely on the subject of finance recently. The reasons for it are obvious, being a general debility in the body politic. When the Government is paying out millions on a dole that the nation cannot afford; when we are living on our capital, now fast vanishing; when goods are being dumped on us without taxation and exports are dwindling, what else can be expected?

Nor is that all. Lord Irwin, of defeatist mind, appears to have finally surrendered to that "seditious saint," as Mr. Churchill calls Gandhi; has abrogated his authority; bribed him to obey the laws; consented to a boycott on Lancashire cotton, and lowered our prestige yet farther. The true way to deal with a Gandhi in the East would be to try him for sedition, hang him on the

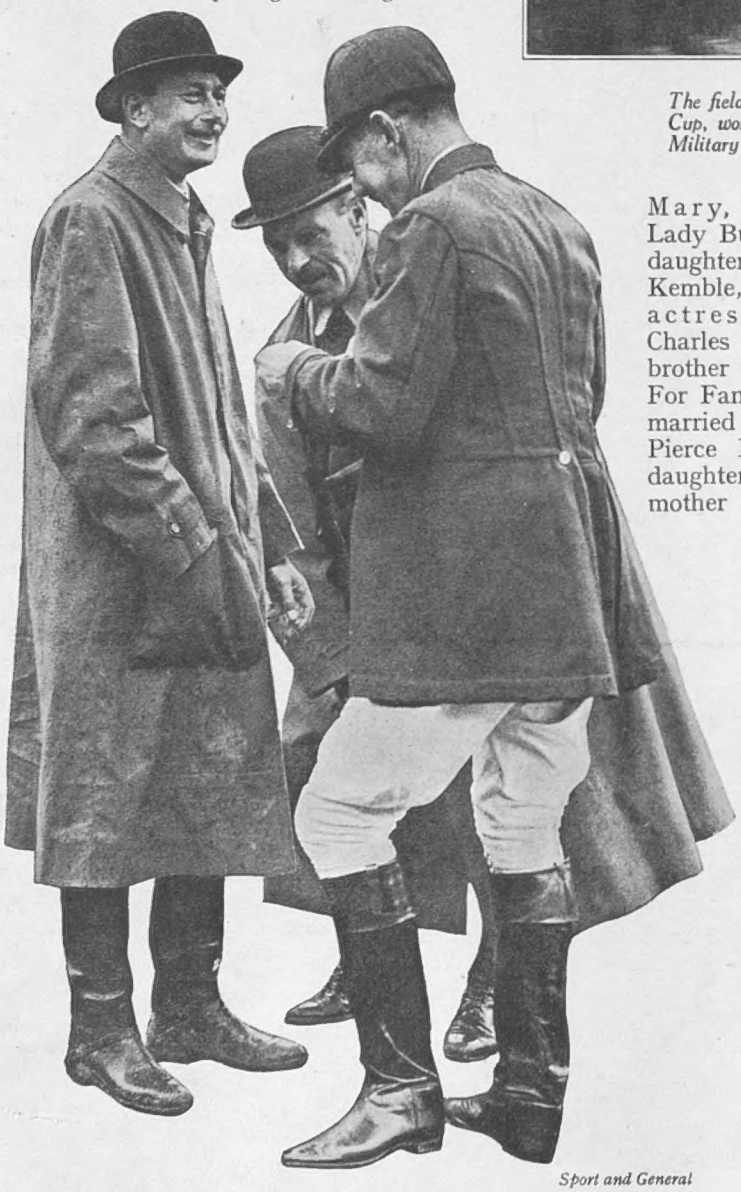
TIDWORTH'S NEW STEEPLECHASE COURSE

nearest tree, and then impose martial law. Meanwhile, Lord Irwin's friend and apologist, Mr. Baldwin, is suffering deep humiliation in St. George's by-election, and he can only now get Mr. Duff-Cooper at long last to stand against Sir Ernest Petter, who is saying what most true Conservatives have thought for long. He will certainly win St. George's, whether Mr. Baldwin recants or what not; and then, if the Conservative leader who wants to "implement" Gandhi-ism does not resign, he will have to suffer a vote of no confidence. Confidence cannot be restored while Mr. Baldwin remains.

To revert to London and the Courts. Lady Butler, wife of Sir Richard Butler, is presenting her youngest daughter, Doreen, and at the same time will present Lady Julia Pakenham, youngest daughter of Mary, Lady Longford. Lady Butler is the granddaughter of Fannie Kemble, the famous actress, whose father, Charles Kemble, was the brother of Mrs. Siddons. For Fannie Kemble, who married in America Mr. Pierce Butler, had two daughters: one was the mother of Owen Wister, and the other, who married the late Dean of Hereford, was Lady Butler's mother.

Central News

The field well together during the running of the 11th Hussars' Regimental Challenge Cup, won by Mr. P. Payne-Gallwey on Backsight, at the Second Cavalry Brigade's Military Meeting. It took place over the new steeplechase course on Wind Mill Hill, about one mile north of Tidworth, on Salisbury Plain



Sport and General

The Duke of Gloucester chatting with friends at the Second Cavalry Brigade's Meeting on Wind Mill Hill. There are eleven jumps on this new course, which is excellently seen from the enclosures on the slope of the hill

Sir Malcolm Campbell and his wife are very properly being fêted everywhere now that the alarums and excursions about Charlie Chaplin have died down. He, however, is obviously anxious to have yet another go at the record. Nothing will satisfy until he touches at least 250 miles an hour. On the other hand, he does not intend to try again unless his present record is beaten. But at the moment there is only one speed ace on the horizon who has any chance of doing it. This is "Wizard" Smith, an Australian, who has a car which is said to combine all the best features of the Silver Bullet, the

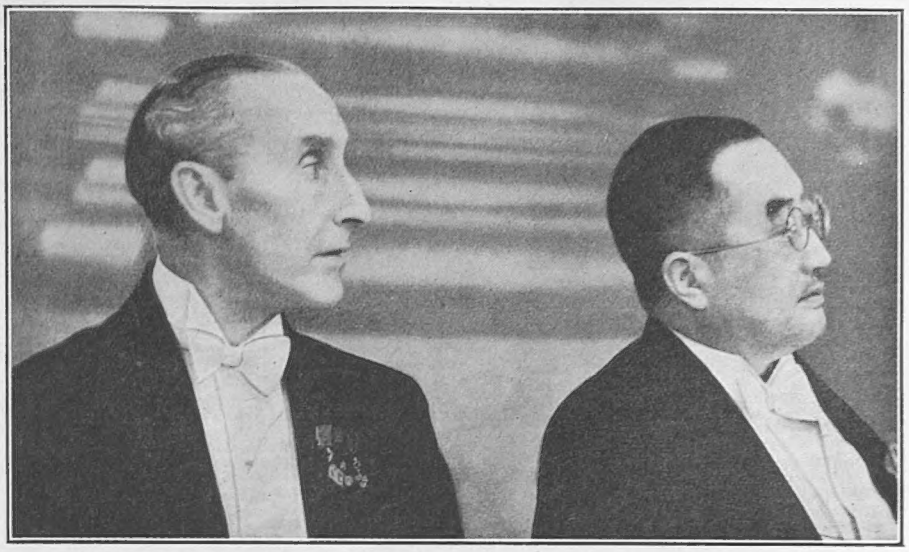
A photograph taken at the Pilgrims' dinner, at the H... India and lately Governor-General of Canada. Seen ab... and General Dawes, t...

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION IN PAST PROCONSULS

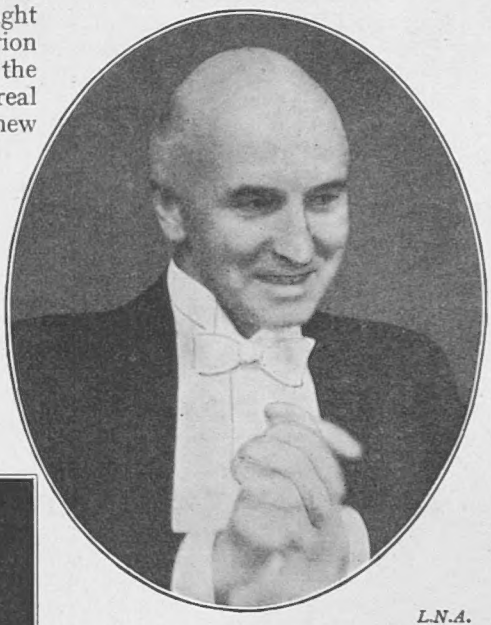
Golden Arrow, and the Blue Bird. It must be a remarkable vehicle.

ENGAGEMENTS, broken and otherwise, are very much the order of the day. Lord Brougham and Vaux's engagement to Miss Valerie French down in the South of France, where he took a small party, which included Sir Anthony Weldon, Sir R. Throckmorton, Miss Bunting Stephenson and Miss Violet Stephenson, will sadden the hearts of several young men, for she is one of the prettiest girls in London, and has many admirers. Incidentally, Mrs. Buckmaster and her flower shop will add yet another to their record of marriages. "Say it with flowers" might be altered to "Say it with wedding bells."

THE breaking off of Mr. Patrick Balfour's engagement a fortnight before he was to marry Miss Marion Burrell, and only ten days after the announcement of it, came as a real shock to young Mayfair, who knew that Mr. Balfour had intended to leave Fleet Street altogether, and, after travelling abroad, to go into some business approved of by his future father-in-law. Oddly enough, I saw Mr. Balfour on the night his engagement was broken off at the Gala de Bon Espoir dinner at Quaglino's, where he arrived after midnight with Mr. Peter Rodd.



Two guests at the Pilgrims' dinner. Lord Lytton, former Viceroy of India and looking none too happy about the political situation there is seated beside Mr. Tsuneo Matsudaira, the Japanese Ambassador



L.N.A.

Sir John Simon, P.C., M.P., Chairman of the deceased Indian Statutory Commission, at the Pilgrims' dinner, pleased at making an excellent speech, which, while entertaining the guests, was a perfect specimen of sitting on a fence

Topical

Lord Chelmsford, yet another former Viceroy of India, at the Pilgrims' dinner, apparently cogitating upon the Churchillian description of Gandhi as "the seditious saint striding half naked up the steps of the Viceregal Palace"

Topical

Victoria, to Viscount Willingdon, the Viceroy-Designate of are the Duke of York, Lord Willingdon, Lord Desborough American Ambassador

MR. RODD had been figuring a day or two before in a police court case, where he was fined one shilling in connection with a microphone, after a clever defence by Mr. John Sutro. The police court and its environs were incidentally crowded with pretty women like Mrs. Bryan Guinness and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, who came to hear the case; the latter at the end of the month is to join Lady Diana Worthington and other young married couples living in Gloucester Place. No. 105 is to be her new address. Which reminds me that her friend, Miss Nancy Mitford, has just written an amusing novel on life in Scottish house-parties, which everyone will be reading in the next few days.

TO revert to Quaglino's. There was any number of young married couples at the gala dinner, including Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, who live at No. 22, Cambridge Street, the house that the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton used to have. It is a charming little place with one particularly good idea—a glass mantelpiece which extends from either side of the fireplace right up to the ceiling. It makes the whole room look wider, taller, and brighter.

LADY MARY BOYD and her husband, who were in London last week, are having a very exhausting journey to Kenya Colony. In addition to taking out their own two daughters and the nurse, they are responsible for

PLAYTIME ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Lenare

MISS VALERIE FRENCH
Whose engagement to Lord Brougham and Vaux was announced last week. She is a granddaughter of the late Earl of Ypres

another small girl, and one and a half tons of luggage. This is made up of seventy pieces, and they only had one hour and ten minutes in which to transport it and themselves from the train to the ship at Marseilles.

LADY VIOLET ASTOR is chairman of the Lace Ball which will be held in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund on April 21, on the occasion of the opening of the Dorchester House Hotel. Lady Huntingdon is deputy chairman of the Ball, and Lady Lawrence is vice-chairman. The theme of the Ball is original and attractive. A fantasy of lace is being arranged entitled "The Old Garden of Dorchester House," composed entirely of Nottingham lace. Guests are asked to wear historic and interesting lace heirlooms, and modern lace will also be worn. Tickets, including champagne supper, may be obtained from Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, of Orkney, and from the Dorchester Hotel itself.

CIRO'S, having imported the brilliant and very expensive Canadian Orchestra led by Ronnie Hart, is rather in a quandary. For the tunes it plays are so difficult to dance to that it drives all but the experts off the floor. The result was that the management sent round a circular letter to its members on the subject, pointing out that a controversy was raging on the subject of the very slow tempo played by the band, and saying that when a similar experiment was tried in New York it at first emptied the restaurant, but soon became the rage. Personally, I think it will catch on.

Fox Photos

Members of the yachting party entertained by Lord Brougham on their way to the jetty at Cannes harbour. Seen above are Mrs. Lloyd (left), Lord Brougham, who recently won a large sum at the tables and lost a lot in a suit case, Miss B. Stevenson, Miss Valerie French and Sir Robert Throckmorton

The finalists in the Ladies' Doubles for the Beaumont C... Miss Betty Nuthall and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall (l... beat Miss M. Thomas and Miss M...

LLOYDS BANK must have writers and artists of outstanding talent upon its staff. To mark the opening of their new head office in Lombard Street and Cornhill, the Bank has issued a beautifully bound book in vellum and gold, "'Twixt Lombard Street and Cornhill," "designed written, and illustrated by the staff of Lloyds Bank, Limited," a book which one day will be a joy to the collector. It tells the history of the site of the new head office "during the centuries since London first was founded," and of the people who "built, dwelt and laboured" on the same spot, and by their continuity of business instincts helped to make it and its neighbourhood the hub of the financial world. This souvenir is beautifully printed. Each page has a different coloured border after the manner of the

A DOUBLE CHRISTENING AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL

Sport and General

in the tournament at Monte Carlo. In an all-English final, who competed under her maiden name, Miss Eileen Bennett. Heeley, with whom they are seen, 6—3, 6—2

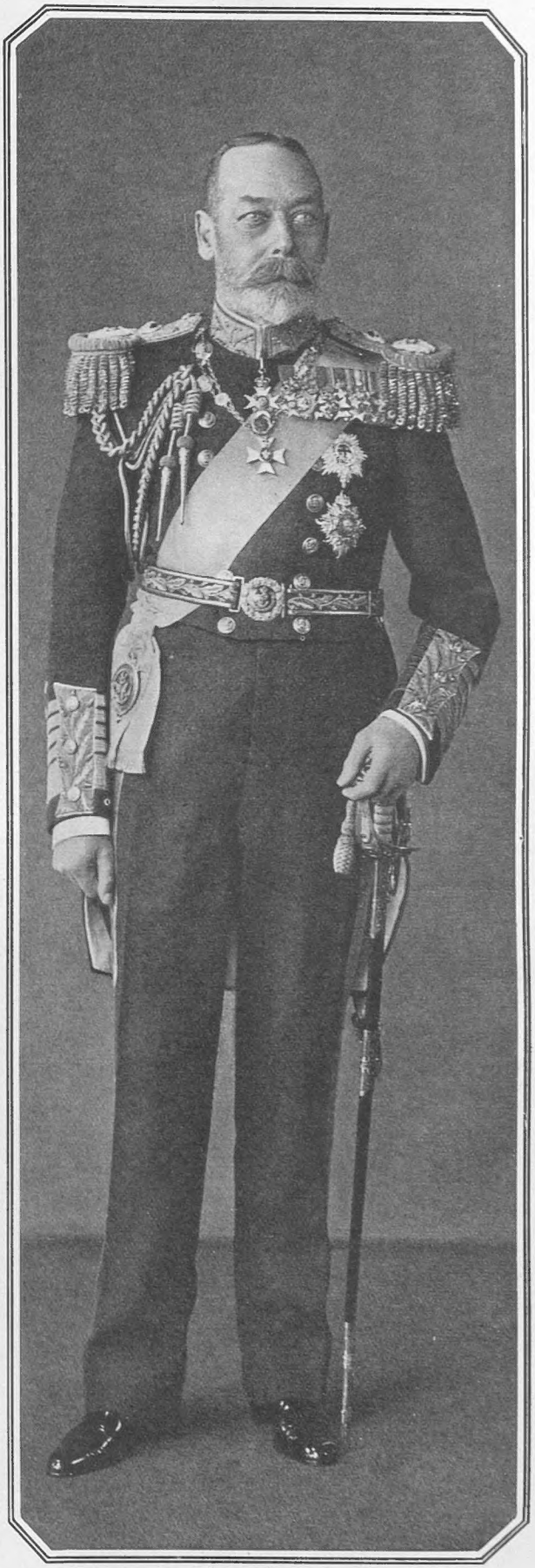
old Missals. Letterpress and illustrations are an epitome of the history of the City since the days of the ancient Britons. The staff of Lloyds Bank is, indeed, to be warmly congratulated.

S

M. BATTISTI, the Hungarian banker who lost £216,000 at Biarritz, where he held the bank for ten days, has emerged from his obscurity, and is once again to run a baccarat syndicate on the lines of that of M. Zographos. He says that he was merely testing a mathematical theory when he lost all that money, and now proposes to reap the fruits of it. All I can say is

Central News

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, the wife of Major E. D. Metcalfe, M.V.O., M.C., with her twin daughters, Cavina Naldera and Linda Mary. They were christened at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, last week by permission of the King



Vandyk

A new photograph of His Majesty the King in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet. This is the first official portrait of the King to be taken since his grave illness

MONTE CARLO'S "INDIAN SUMMER"

that the people who found it so easy to win money from him before will no doubt be delighted to help him test his theory again.

WHAT is even more interesting to the 10,000 English people who gamble in the French Casinos is the possibility that roulette is going to be allowed in France. It appears that, despite everything, the Monte Carlo Casino took a million and a quarter pounds last year, which was more than the takings of all the Casinos in France. Roulette was responsible for this, of course, and so the Casino proprietors, nineteen of whom are in liquidation, are anxious to get the Monte Carlo roulette monopoly broken.

THE Cannes polo has been wonderfully good this season, and Mandelieu is getting the favourite place for smart luncheons, as everyone motors out there before the game, and sips cocktails. The Maharajah of Kashmir is, writes our Riviera correspondent, the star turn of this season, as he has any number of wonderful ponies, and also plays well himself, scoring a real "thriller" in the way of a goal recently in the match in which the Kashmir team beat the "Pumas." Nothing could have been more exciting, as the goal was scored just as the final gong sounded. The ground is very fast, and therefore the play is much more exciting.

L.N.A.

"Bishop Kennedy," in all the dignity of episcopal robes and a cheery smile, parading with "Kate Kennedy" during the annual Kate Kennedy pageant held at St. Andrews. The performers are all students at the University

MISS BETTY HULTON

The daughter of the late Sir Edward Hulton and of Lady Hulton, whose engagement has been announced to Capt. C. Greville Stevens, the Assistant Military Secretary to General Sir John Du Cane, the Governor of Malta. She has been spending the winter in Malta with Lady Hulton

PRINCESS LOUISE has come out for her usual visit to Cap Ferrat, and I am glad to say that the Duke of Connaught is looking well, and goes out a great deal, although he is not making many evening engagements, his appearance at Beaulieu last week being an exception.

MONTE CARLO is experiencing a sudden "boom," and the many hoteliers are thoroughly enjoying the novel sensation of being really chock full up from roof to basement at last. There is not a room to be had, and the restaurants are "staging" huge "galas" every night. Everyone was at the gigantic gala dinner at the Hotel de Paris, with over 450 diners, and a great party was given by Mr. Butler to seventy of the leading lawn tennis players who have all been playing in

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

the Monte Carlo "Wimbledon" last week, and where the King of Sweden (who has also been playing) was the guest of honour in the centre of the huge horseshoe-shaped table. There was a colossal crowd, and amongst the dancers I saw Commander De Crespigny. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Macomber had a big party; the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth also had a big table of friends dining.

ALL Cannes was intrigued over an entirely novel idea for a charity fête which took place recently under the auspices of the Grand Duchess Helene, who is an indefatigable worker for Russian charities, for the fête was held on the luxury yacht Surprise, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Godfree Williams. All the notabilities were present, amongst them the King of Sweden, and another very tall man, Lord Brougham. The King of Denmark, of course, is yet another tall person who can always be easily seen in the baccarat rooms, no matter how crowded they may be; but he and the Queen have left, and I must say I never saw two "Royals" so genuinely sorry to leave as they were. Such a lot of people came to see them off, amongst them the "Tito" Wessels. She looks quite lovely, and spends all her time on her husband's yacht. Another item of great interest in Cannes is the arrival of a baby girl to M. and Madame Paul Dubonnet, better known as the famous Mrs. Nash. They have a lovely villa behind the town, and seem tremendously happy together.

I.N.A.

"Caledonia, stern and very, very wild!" Three pipers, including Lord Douglas Hamilton (centre), piping the "Kate Kennedy" pageant performers through St. Andrews. The fearsome beards of the pipers were as nothing compared to the wild notes they produced on the pipes

Planet News

Lord and Lady Kylsant photographed at Waterloo on the eve of their departure to South Africa in the "Winchester Castle." Lord Kylsant is the Chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., the famous shipping firm which has been in rough financial waters of late

J. Balmain

MISS WINIFRED CLARK

Who is well-known in golfing circles, is engaged to marry Mr. M. S. McCorquodale, of Winslow Hall, Bucks. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. M. Clark, of Glasgow, her father being the Chairman of the famous firm of Messrs. J. and P. Coats, of Paisley

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Many horses previously named in this feature have not appeared in public since being singled out for attention when arranging the wagers for the day

Careful students of my horses to follow will have a record of them, but I am selecting a few I am sure will pay to follow in the near future. They are:

BANGLE II	STEP FORWARD
DON SANCHO	MOST VALIANT
INNISKEEN	ANTON
RICHMOND II	DUSTY FOOT

DON SANCHO has top weight in the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase (four miles) at Cheltenham. He will stay every yard of the distance.

DUSTY FOOT looks what he is, a grand 'chaser.

MOST VALIANT was not suited by the sticky conditions last week. Carried good money.

Keep an eye on ROI DES ENFERS at Cheltenham. He is not unfairly treated on Thursday.

EILEANDONAN and KINGSFORD are also worth attention at Cheltenham

Mr. Michael Arlen (left), whose play, "Good Losers," written in conjunction with Mr. Walter Hackett, is now running at the Whitehall Theatre, Mr. "Jock" Whitney, the owner of "Easter Hero," a fancied Grand National candidate, and Mr. Freddie Lonsdale, the playwright who has been busy writing talkies in America. They are seen on the s.s. "Bremen" on their arrival at Southampton

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. . . . Hello, Baa, how are you . . . after the 'flu? . . . Better? . . . I'm so glad . . . you are fashionable; everyone has been down with it . . . Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, our Conservative Whip—for one . . . but he is back at work again now . . . Lady Glenapp for another, although she had throat trouble as well, and was terrified because of her lovely voice. . . . Pretty Lady Lindsay-Hogg tells me she had a horrible time with a form of tonsilitis . . . and Baroness Furnivall, was laid up for nearly a fortnight. . . . However, Spring is almost here, so all such troubles will soon disappear . . .

* * *

I'VE come to the conclusion that diamonds and pearls are the best sort of jewellery to have . . . one is never tired of them . . . coloured jewellery, unless one has a change for every night, becomes monotonous . . . for instance, beautiful and magnificent as are Doris Castlerosse's rubies I've got so used to seeing them that they have ceased to thrill me. Mrs. Edward Baron also has a collection of rubies, but besides she has some perfectly lovely turquoises . . . and the most exquisite bracelets of tiny pearls. . . . Lady Cunard's emeralds are famous, but so are her pearls, like Lady Ancaster's lovely ropes. . . . Ada MacNaghten, Lord Airedale's sister-in-law, has enormous pearls, and also a priceless collection of Russian sables . . . the black ones. . . . She and her husband have a house in Park Street, with the most original garden I have ever seen . . . it is really only a tiny paved courtyard, but by the clever manipulation of mirrors they have created an optical illusion of a large and beautiful vista. . . . Ada MacNaghten has, besides, a beautiful voice and wonderful golden hair, which she washes with eggs. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard of the telephone conversation which was intercepted by a certain famous beauty . . . to hear herself described as a "painted cat"? She has taken her revenge by closing the account of the speaker (who is living more or less on credit . . . aren't we all?) at three different shops . . . in two she has a commercial interest; in the other an interest du cœur. . . .

* * *

I WAS so interested at a well-known bar the other day to see a chic little American girl sipping a dry Martini and a glass of port alternately. . . . It was a new one on me, as they say. . . .

* * *

LONG dresses may be graceful, but there is no denying that they are troublesome to dance in. . . . Evelyn Laye found her black chiffon just two inches too long when she was tangoing with Charlie Chaplin at the Embassy last week. . . . They were with the Londonderrys, but Evelyn had the monopoly, so to speak . . . and while Lord Londonderry danced with Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald . . . Max Beaverbrook's sister-in-law . . . Lady Londonderry had a deep discussion with Freddie Lonsdale. . . .

* * *

THE very latest thing for one's hair is a long, very narrow slide of tiny diamonds. . . . Dolly Warrender, who, after a long absence, is in London for a few days . . . has one which she wears at the side of her pretty, naturally curly hair, which is . . . no, I must say was . . . duplicated in her eldest son John . . . he is, alas! too old now for curls. . . . Mrs. Thomas Cholmondeley's slide is a double row of diamonds, which she puts at the back of her black hair. . . .

* * *

I SAW Catherine Carnarvon wearing horn-rimmed spectacles to look across a night club . . . she is the latest to join the register of short-sighted beauties. . . . Edwina Mountbatten always wears spectacles in the daytime and carries lorgnettes at night. . . . Lovely Jean Norton is another . . . I often wonder what pretty Teddy Cary would do if she had to take to them, for she has the longest eyelashes in London. Her husband is the York Herald, and they have a charming little house in Brompton Square . . . and, more important, an adorable small daughter who dances delightfully in Miss Vacani's classes. . . .

. . I must stop now. Au revoir, Baa, my sweet; and if you can't remember Diana Cooper's instructions that "beauty, truth and good" must go hand in hand be careful instead. . . .

In a caption to an illustration in our issue of March 4 we erroneously stated that the *Daily Mail* Ideal Homes Exhibition will open on April 17. The opening date is actually April 7, as stated in our issue of Feb. 27.

PEACE IN THE PALACE

G. P. U.

A photograph of the King of Spain, who, owing to the activities of revolutionaries, has lately been passing through a trying and anxious time. King Alfonso is seen here in one of the magnificent salons in the Royal Palace in Madrid, built on the site of the Alcazares. Nearly two hundred years old, the Palace is a storehouse of artistic treasures

"ÉVÉNEMENTS" IN OUR EMPIRE

SHANGHAI GOES GREYHOUND RACING

A view of Lunar Park Track, Shanghai, where some of the biggest social gatherings in China assemble to witness the greyhound racing. Many wear evening clothes, and there is a gorgeous array of cloaks, furs, shawls and gowns. The Chinese are great supporters of greyhound racing, in which they find an outlet for their inveterate love for a gamble

Photographs I.B. and Topical

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA

The scene in the Legislative Council Chamber when Sir Isaac Isaacs took the oath of allegiance and office as Governor-General of Australia. On the dais from left to right: Mr. Justice Duffy, who administered the oath, the Prime Minister, Mr. Scullin, Sir Isaac Isaacs and Lady Isaacs

The ancient City of Jerusalem is now provided with a modern hotel, The King David, containing over two hundred bedrooms in addition to public rooms, the decorations in the Main Hall being of Hittite design while much of the furniture follows Hebraic lines. Above is a picture of the exterior, from the windows of which a striking view of the Holy City may be obtained. On the left is seen the spacious lobby and lounge. The frieze is a copy of the top of Jerusalem's ramparts. This hotel cost a quarter of a million to build, much of the capital being subscribed by American and British Jews resident in Palestine

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

writes on

WOMAN'S "EQUALITY" WITH MAN!

EVERYONE is pretty well agreed, and the historian will without doubt confirm the fact, that the two worst pieces of legislation for which the War was responsible are Prohibition in America and Mr. Baldwin's gift of the vote to flappers in England. Unfortunately, whilst the hitherto law-abiding citizens of the United States, as soon as they had recovered from their paralysis of surprise, treated their bombshell as a jest and doubled their consumption of alcohol, the flappers of Great Britain girded up their knickers, played the Joan of Arc, and started out to free men from their cheerfully borne fetters. In all the generosity of their young hearts they sent pealing through the country that soul-stirring slogan which found prompt and regrettable response in the bosoms of their mothers:—

Equality with Men means Equal Service.

THE whole masculine world is still thrilled with the glorious magnanimity of this divine gesture. The efforts already made towards our emancipation have stirred us to the depths. There has appeared, however, in the clear sky of our content the one little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, a tiny question mark, a shiver of doubt. Are we, the humbler but the militant section of humanity, justified in accepting these stupendous sacrifices? Are we justified in accepting these rich gifts of a lazier and freer life offered to us, alas! at their own expense by sisters, wives, sweethearts and mistresses?

LET us consider the matter from a broad, common-sense point of view. I have a friend named William Scrubb, who lives in the neighbourhood of Norbury. Every morning he rises at half-past seven, swallows a more or less filthy breakfast, kisses his wife in the passage, and catches the 8.20 train to the City. From 9.30 until 6.30—with a brief interval for lunch, generally eaten in company with fellow slaves—he adds up figures, posts ledgers, dives into cash-books: in short, performs the offices of a mercantile clerk. Now, mark this! He is a good clerk or a bad clerk—that is to say, his position is secure or insecure according to the completeness of his concentration upon his task. Very well then. Supposing his powers of concentration are of the average quality—his whole mental force is spent for nine hours during the day upon those figures whose significance with regard to life terminates with the closing of his ledgers. Bear that in mind for a few minutes.

NOW, suppose that his name is Alfred Scrubb, instead of William—and there are just as many Alfreds as Williams who catch that early morning train. Alfred arrives at his office, is perhaps granted a few condescending words by his principal or the buyer of his department, he packs a black bag or loads a truck with samples, according to the nature of the commodity he has to sell, and off he goes through the highways and byways of the City, or even into the country, to dispose of his wares. He probably takes his morning drink with a possible customer, he lunches with another. Nothing is more certain than this—every segment of his brain power, every fragment of his intelligence during that long and sometimes weary day's work, must be devoted to one object, and one object only—

The selling of his goods!

NOW we come to Mr. Harrington-Scrubb, first cousin to Mr. Vavasour-Scrubb, nearly related to Mr. Armstrong-Scrubb, who once stood for Parliament. These more important of the great family of microbe men

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim in the garden of his delightful villa at Cagnes-sur-Mer. The author of this article is not emulating Eve—the fruit he is picking is an orange!

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, genial philosopher, famous novelist, admirable host, a man who has met practically everybody worth knowing in his full life, is the first to start the ball rolling in our new series, "The Truth About Women." His article shows man the slave and woman the helpmate. One carrying out the law of nature, so hackneyed! So inevitable! The other, so old-fashioned! So eternally true! He says only externals change! Do they? Next week we shall publish an article by Miss Ethel Mannin on her own sex, and she will be followed by Mr. H. Collinson Owen and Miss Daphne du Maurier. All these writers say exactly what they think of the eternal problem of Man and Woman.

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who crawl each morning up the ant-hill of life to their appointed tasks may, in these days of condensation and the blue pencil, be treated as one. The main difference between them and their humbler compeers is that they are in a position to take a taxi on a wet morning, and a certain number of them who have married judiciously own automobiles. Here are to be found the merchants, the professional men, the stockbrokers, and the vast, eager-footed crowd who are described as being "something in the City." Believe me, no concentration which they exact from their underlings is equal to the brain force which they themselves are compelled to exercise to hold their places without disaster in their own peculiar occupation. There are no easy jobs left in the world—except the gigolo's, who is outside human life, and even he sometimes complains. The saunterer crashes, the man who looks behind is down the precipice before he can recover his lost footstep. The brains of these men, too, are flung on to the flaming pyre of probable success. They cannot barter with God! They give—what they have to give—and they go home to Kensington or Golders Green to take their wives out to dinner and hold their own in a mixed company as best they may, with what remains in their tired minds of inspiration and spontaneity.

And now back again for a moment to Mrs. William Scrubb, to Mrs. Alfred Scrubb—the hyphenated ladies will come later. With the departure of their husbands the two former ladies have ten hours of liberty. Even if they live in a town there is a park near for the baby or babies, there is a charwoman, if not a little servant-maid. At the worst, there is for them four or five hours of freedom *apart from the necessity of concentrating upon anything.* The thoughts of humans, normally speaking, float upwards. Women, left to themselves, are apt to think—well, to think cleanly. The joy of life is brain freedom. Mrs. Scrubb has it. Mr. Scrubb hasn't! Naturally, she becomes his intellectual superior. He reads, if he reads at all, in the spare seconds the trade journals of his business, or the sporting notes and anecdotes in the lowest-priced newspaper. She reads of travel and sunshine in other countries. She finds time to visit the free library, she has leisure to read of the world which flows beyond the grey horizon of her waking and sleeping vision. And so, a few miles westwards, Mr. Harrington-Scrubb, when the breathless day is over, reads Edgar Wallace, but Mrs. Harrington-Scrubb prefers Galsworthy. Mr. Vavasour-Scrubb aspires to Arnold Bennett, but Mrs. Vavasour-Scrubb pores over the latest Russian novelist, whom she finds so illuminating. It can't be helped. In Suburbia men are beaten in the graces of life by their wives. They are none the less unwilling to accept the great sacrifice. They to the treadmill, even though their hands have to be stretched painfully upwards to catch the hems of their women's garments. They are content to accept as inevitable their own inferiority. They want their woman where Nature placed her!

Up a step or down a step—whichever way you like to look at it—on to the realms of Politics, Art and Literature. A member of Parliament! God save our womenkind from passing the dreary portals of that mausoleum of life, hope and genius—the House of Commons. Three or four have dared it. Let them remain—the flaming and deterring monuments of warning to those others of their sex who, in this magnificent spirit of immolation which we are in these pages invited to consider, might make this frantic effort to share the burden of suffering mankind. Don't let them do it! Let us send Michael Arlen, Tom Webster or Lord Castlerosse to the sacrifice. But let us spare our women. Was there ever a member of a parliament who did not automatically lose his sense of humour, his independence of thought, and his personal chivalry? In they go to the witch-spooned cauldron of Political-Party Expediency! The member of Parliament sighs over their ashes, develops a new pomposity, and orders white edgings to his waistcoats. Even Lady Astor would be better out of it.

There remain Art and Literature. These, at least, in life are automatic. Genius knows no sex, and all doors are open. Count for yourselves how many women have lifted the curtain to disclose the immortal treasures of the world beyond the eyes. Music! Her fingers are capable. She has sat through the melody, changing years side-by-side with Wagner, Schumann and Beethoven. She has the ear, the spirit of receptivity, the leisure to develop such stirrings as she may feel of genius. What she has done she has done. . . . Literature! What do my bookshelves lack, I wonder? I start there, in my left-hand corner, nearest my easy-chair, and I make loitering progress. Shakespeare, Borrow, Johnson, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Defoe, Browning, *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, Walter Pater, Cervantes, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Lamb, Le Gallienne, Galsworthy, William Morris, Conrad, O. Henry, Ruskin, Swinburne, Tennyson, Milton, Carlyle, Thackeray, Coleridge. . . . Immortals surely. But how selfishly masculine!

The times are changing. Perhaps. But to what extent? Rebecca West may plunge from the rocks of Antibes into the warm South seas, hand-in-hand with Bernard Shaw, her fellow in genius, although in minor details she may seem, in comparison, to be a little overclothed. But although it is rather the cult of the day to deny it, there are many Bernard Shaws and very few Rebecca Wests. We humble and earnest readers bow the knee to Sheila Kaye-Smith, to Mary Borden, to Tennyson Jesse—and others. But on a count, if we are driven to a count, our sex wins. This is not a boast. This is our apologia for refusing to accept the sacrifice which women, by their desire to participate in our daily bread-winning, would force upon us.

It is a hackneyed gesture to bid one look into the past. But what a glorious, a colourful, a magnificent past! We are slipping downwards through the ages, and even the optimist is beginning to glance sideways into the abyss and order his eggs and bacon for the morrow. But what about this feminist business in the only sure home of hope and philosophy—history of the past, history pointing forwards? For women the glorious wars of ancient times have been fought, the triumphant Iliad of the world set to music. With that brief interlude of the Renaissance, when the mighty afterglow of religious fervour following upon the birth of Christ swept the world with a new and, alas! too soon exhausted emotion, the worship of woman has been the inspiration of all genius which has flowed from the hearts and souls of the artists whose task and joy it has been to beautify the changing world. It will always be so, even though a sex revolution should paralyse our social structure. It does not matter about the Scrubbs. Men are still carrying, and will for ever carry, the sordid burdens of the world. But how wonderful when woman's nimbler brain realises, sympathises and helps!

Woman—the helpmate! So old-fashioned! So eternally true.

Man—the provider, carrying out the law of nature. So hackneyed! So inevitable!

Only externals change. In all probability our descendants will be swinging their toys and sprouting very much the same opinions in the playground of life a million years hence.

E. P. O.

BY STARR WOOD

FELLOW VOYAGER (*sharing cabin*): "*Great Scott! Why the lady's night attire?*"
THE OTHER OCCUPANT: "*Vell, you know the rule; in case of disaster—vimmen and children first!*"

It Gossip

PON my soul, we shall have to be very careful about using the present tense in connection with any theatrical production. In fact, it had better be banished altogether from all references to theatre-land except so far as concerns the almost unrelieved gloom which has been enveloping it for months. I find that more than once THE BYSTANDER has, with its usual geniality, put the label, "which is running at the —— Theatre," on to a piece produced the night before those words were written, only to find that a few days later, when the paper is issued to its adoring and expectant public, the piece in question has ceased to run at all and is "as dead as the snows of yesteryear."

THESE runs of a few days only are not the exception nowadays. Almost have they come to be the rule. When one sees sandwichmen parading the London streets to announce in all seriousness that a play is "now in its third week," just as sandwichmen used to announce of *Chu-Chin-Chow* that it is "now in its third year," one can realise how parlous the position is.

I do not think it is hopeless or that the theatre is finished, or any nonsense of that sort. Things are as they are largely because of the sheepishness of certain managers who follow each other round and round in a sort of maze of stupidity, and think that because one of them has made money out of one sort of play—say the "thriller"—they will all be able to make money out of the same sort of play until the cows come home (whatever that may mean).

THEN, of course, the critics are blamed. Either they are definitely blamed for a definite failure, such as *My Sister and I*, when all most of them did was to point out with perfect truth the imbecility of the policy of bringing over a Czech and a Scandinavian, with little knowledge of acting or of English, to act in English in parts which could have been played infinitely better by our own folk. Or their attitude is one of pained surprise, mingled with indignation, that at a time when the theatre is doing so badly it should not be "let down gently."

Why should critics tell lies for that or for any other altruistic reason? Some of them even have consciences. But even if they haven't, it is too much to expect them to risk their jobs by saying a bad play is good just because managers have got themselves into a mess largely through their own foolishness. If a critic were to be sacked for letting a manager down gently, would that manager find him another job?

ALTHOUGH he was doubtless glad of the publicity given thereby to *City Lights*, I should like to have the true opinion of Charlie Chaplin on the swarm of celebs. and semi-

A view from the upper lake showing the club-house of t... that "The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy—full partic... this year a...

Bertram Park

A new portrait of Lady (Neville) Pearson, even better known as Gladys Cooper, now playing in the successful revival of "The Pelican" at the Playhouse

HER LADYSHIP (*discussing plumber's bill*): PLUMBER: "It may seem small to yo...

Stoke Poges Golf Club in the distance. *It is on this course of which will be found on page 468, will be competed for Tuesday, March 24*

celebs. who buzzed round him. The little man is keeping his head pretty well, but he really should not have to waste his time with all this "Lossie-mouth" business, nor with that Mrs. Leo Hunter of the twentieth century, Lady Astor. One way and another we are having, I venture to think, rather too much of Lady Astor.

Having given us as good a display of peevishness, muddled logic, and fanaticism over the Australian-cricketers-cum-Prohibition affair as her adopted country has ever known, she darts off to get a front place in

By Bertram Prance

"But, Mr. Solder, this is a small fortune" "lady, bein' so well off!"

We Must

the Chaplin sun. As a Manager of Publicity "our Nancy" would, emphatically, be the goods; if, in a Member of Parliament, a mixture of the American school-marm and the gamin who gets in the front of every crowd is a dignified one, I should like to know what is undignified.

FROM the very Holy of Holies of the innermost citadel of Conservatism comes a doubt as to the efficacy of Baldwinism. The cloud across the light of belief in the Pure-minded Pipe-smoker is no larger than a man's hand. But it is there. In short, the *Morning Post* has begun to wobble. "Should Mr. Baldwin have forfeited the confidence of the Party," states that journal. And, again: "If such dissatisfaction with Mr. Baldwin's leadership has sprung up as to impair the unity and effectiveness of the Conservative Party, then there is a simple, direct, and regular method of making this dissatisfaction known and felt."

THIS may not be much, but, considering the quarter whence it comes it is remarkably significant. For not long ago the Conservative Party, that dignified journal, and Mr. Baldwin were one and indivisible. But now the firm is—well, less firm.

TAKE, too, the attitude of Col. Moore-Brabazon in the matter of of the St. George's election. The gallant colonel is not a Beaverbrookite nor a Rothermereite, though I imagine that he differs by hardly a hair's breadth from those live wires of near-Toryism. He is merely reflecting what millions are thinking, i.e., that we cannot get on with things until the Socialists are got out. And the Socialists will not

Jeanne de Casalis, appearing in the new Italian comedy at the Royalty Theatre by Chiarelli called, in the English version, "Money! Money!!" She plays the part of Dessa d'Elsing, a lady of loose morals. A review of this play appears on page 465

Janet Jevons

I.B.

The great star attracted by lesser constellations. Mr. Charles Chaplin talking with Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Lady Astor at the Dominion Theatre on the première of the production of "City Lights," Charlie's latest film. This artist has been so overwhelmed by attentions showered on him, from the Premier downwards, that his visit to his native land is anything but a holiday. He might make a film out of this theme, which would inevitably be a talkie!

go, unless some miracle happens (in politics miracles are always possible), until Mr. Baldwin goes. Indeed, the mere presence of Mr. Baldwin as leader of the Conservative Party is one of the Socialist Party's greatest assets. Once again let it be emphasised that this is no question of an anti-Baldwin vendetta. I have the highest respect for Mr. Baldwin's integrity. He has honesty, a gift for speech-making, no little personal charm, and a considerable amount of brains—a far larger amount, indeed, than many of either his friends or his enemies give him credit for. But he is not the man to lead the Conservative Party, or any other Party.

You will find precisely the same summing-up of Mr. Baldwin among not a few of the crusted Tories of the old-established political clubs. But the trouble with these worthy gentry is that they see no one in the Party who, in their opinion, could possibly take his place. They jib at Mr. Winston Churchill, and would not have him as a leader at any price. They may dislike Baldwin in a political capacity; but they distrust Winston. For having once changed his coat they will never forgive him. They fancy he may change it again.

But Conservatives in the country at large have no such scruples and no such objections. They see that the Party needs a man with fighting spirit in him, with dash and élan. And they realise, as the Conservative Press realises, that Winston is magnificently right about India and about many other highly important topics. It is the millions of Conservative voters who count for far more nowadays than a few individuals in clubs. The power of the political club member is waning. He has neither the wealth he used to have nor the prestige. It is the public that counts—the public and the Press.

Planet News

Charlie Chaplin's discovery, Patricia Detering, half English half Austrian, known professionally as Sari Maritza, who has been constantly seen with the comedian at London parties. She is giving up filming work in London to do work at Hollywood. The marmoset seems also interested in the telephone call

By Frank Ford

"I say, Jimmy, what do you think of a man who deliberately makes a girl blush?"
"I think he's a genius!"

Well-dressed, or would-be well-dressed, males are buying new suits for the merry spring-time, and on all sides I read of mysterious technical details of a sartorial flavour. It is said that lapels will be wider, waists narrower, trousers less baggy; that the double-breasted dinner-jacket is doomed; that lounge coats are to be longer, and that one must wear shirts with two or even three stud-holes, but never with one. In addition to this there is even more baffling stuff about Cheviots and heather mixtures and pin-heads. But of the various many tricks of many young men of to-day in the matter of dressing one sees hardly a word. Perhaps they are not wrong, for in these times each man is a law unto himself.

Yet it is just as easy not to wear incongruous garments, and if one's instinct is not sound in these

On the voyage to the United States Britain's super-battleship, H.M.S. "Nelson," performed a marvellous feat of seamanship by passing safely through the narrow confines of the Panama Canal. Above are members of the crew enjoying the society of some of the residents of Barbadoes

Passengers engaged in a tug-of-war on board the R.M.S.P. "Atlantis," cruising in the West Indies. Lady Moira Combe and the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Borwick are pulling their weight in the foreground, while the contest is watched by others including Lord and Lady Stradbroke, who can be seen last but one on the left

matters it can do with a little guidance. No one wears a frock-coat and plus fours, or a cloth cap with an evening-dress coat, though this last I have occasionally seen in Manchester, with an inward prayer that what Lancashire thinks to-day in the matter of dress the rest of England will not think to-morrow. Occasionally the experts are at fault. The other day some arbiter elegantiarum on the *Sunday Times* welcomed the fact that within the last few years the grey top-hat has been steadily growing in favour at Goodwood. Is he sure? I have rarely missed Goodwood for a considerable time. I have never seen a grey top-hat there in my life, since for generations it has been a "country-clothes" meeting. Only two top-hats of any kind have appeared in recent years at Goodwood. One was on the head of the late Lord Coventry, who could do no wrong, anyway. The other was worn by a bright young actor. But not for long. He dashed down to Chichester in a taxi, and reappeared in a ready-made lounge suit and a bowler.

A [WILHELMINA] STITCH IN TIME

A little soul-searching poem after the manner of that distinguished poetess, Wilhelmina Stitch, and inspired by a leader in the "Daily Express" lauding collectors of Income Tax.

ALTHOUGH bad gentlemen allude to him who seeks our Income Tax in phrases very, very rude, my manners they are never lax, 'cos I'm as sorry as can be for poor, kind souls whose work in life is to collect our £. s. d, and twist that naughty Snowden's knife.

The courtesy collectors show to all those lazy people who in March their Income Tax still owe, is almost *too* good to be true. They never bully debtors small, or say that they should borrow pelf, but cry, "For tears there is no call; I'll pay your horrid debts myself!"

Yes, they are most considerate and kind to all who are hard hit, and so we really should not slate those gentle souls one little bit. Then let us honour all the lot and try to love these souls anew, for do they study us one bit? The answer is, "Like hell they do!"

Fancy dress aboard the Blue Star cruiser "Arandora Star." Major Ian Bullough, M.C., as something supposedly Spanish, and Mrs. Bullough obviously pierrotic. Their niece, Miss Hermione Bullough, was married to the Earl of Durham last week

THE RIVAL SILHOUETTES

BY BLANCHE·B ELLIOTT

EVERYWHERE, with an unusual unanimity, the same basic idea of the mode has been established—with slight variations. Briefly, there are two distinct silhouettes, as I have already indicated. There is still the high-waisted model, with wide, flowing skirt, introduced last season, with the off-the-shoulder Empire mode, and the slim-hipped, full-hemmed skirt and normal waistline. The former was found to be too trying for any but the young and slim; for, to wear a style of an older generation can only be done successfully by those who are radiantly young. When the older woman does it she is apt to look—well, just elderly, and that, nowadays, is fatal. She must, at all costs, stick to a youth-giving mode, and, as she is in the majority, the greatest number of frocks are made on lines most likely to be becoming to her. The waistline, too, that is placed at the natural position, then pushed down until it rests on the top of the hip-bone, meets with more general approval, as this gives greater length and a better line to the average figure.

AND this is also the reply to the longer hair discussion. It really is a matter of personal choice, and it is youth who can best carry off the difficult-to-wear coiffure in the Greta Garbo manner. It is a style that needs a great deal of care and attention to keep it curly and neat, and makes hats a difficult choice. I have still to see an older woman carry it off with any degree of chic, so that I must say that after forty—frankly, no! Thus there has been evolved once more a distinct difference in dress for youth and for age, but with this modern difference: that post-War youth is revelling in the new-found dignity of the long, full skirts that this age has never known, and is wearing its hair longer, even in low chignon, while mature experience clings to the youthful style of the shorter skirt, the slim, non-petticoated frock, and the emancipated short hair which takes years off most women's ages.

A black satin gown by Worth showing one of the novel, short, bead-embroidered boleros. The corsage flower and bolero is white, and the skirt fullness falls from the centre front of the slim-hipped skirt with a subtle suggestion of the ubiquitous pyjama du soir. *Model Worth*

OF all the frocks designed for the ingénue, Chanel creates the most ingenuous. Incredibly naïve are the little evening dresses of organdi, lace or muslin. Spotted white muslins of nursery days, which brought a pang of memory to this worldly heart, formed the most charming little full frocks, beautifully hand-worked with gathers and gauged bands to hold the full skirts which swung just off the ground. Round the shoulders were flat berthas, and one longed to be a "deb." to wear them. They were accompanied by very original gauntlet gloves trimmed with bands which widened out from just above the wrist. The short sleeve has brought in the long or three-quarter glove, and it is the gauntlet style which is newest.

OF the eccentricities of sleeves alone one might write many

pages. Their newest treatment shows some form of epaulette. Schiaparelli inlets a little scroll of flat fur amusingly on the shoulder of a black cloth coat; sometimes the sleeve is just a short, pleated frill; or, again, it is a shoulder puff with a tight-fitting sleeve; or is vertically tucked on the shoulder to form a sleeve fullness which widens at the elbow. Sometimes the puff appears directly at the elbow, as Patou favours, or at the wrist; or two or three, or even four, puffs form a Sir Walter Raleigh sleeve. Then the sleeve is slashed to show an under-sleeve of a contrasting colour. Patou makes many short-sleeved coats to wear over short-sleeved frocks or blouses. Black frocks have white transparent lingerie sleeves up to almost the shoulder. Others have bands of lace or horizontal tucks all the way up. In fact, unless the sleeve is very short it is very elaborate.

A picturesque gown from Lanvin in white mousseline with red satin let in in triangular effect on the bodice and forming the shaped peplum. The close-fitting sleeve has long cuffs which veil the hand in a glove-like effect. *Model Jeanne Lanvin*

CAPES are still very definitely with us. They are attached to little summer frocks, lightly pleated when in crêpe de Chine or floating when in chiffon or mousseline. Again they appear on the arm alone, and form a kind of short sleeve to the longer coat, and continue on to the back sometimes to merge into a bolero. For evening there is an attractive little affair which reaches to the hips, where it is bound by soft fox fur. Often it is in transparent material to match the frock, and is gauged round the shoulders and held tightly round the hips. Sometimes, also, it is in velvet of a contrasting colour or gleaming mousseline lamé. Molyneux shows some attractive examples in this style.

WORTH does what is really a tippet, which is a band of fur with a cape attached to it, and repeats the idea in many varied forms. He calls it a scarf cape, and it is worn with the collarless coats for formal afternoon occasions. Boleros are seen more than ever, and are newest when cut very short so as to be the merest trifles of daring originality. They are in the flimsy, diaphanous embroidered tulles, and are worn with evening frocks in a contrasting shade. Jane Regny has christened them "Fregoli," and uses them with delightful effect. They are hardly more than a yoke with sleeves. The same idea is used with fur wraps, which are just wide bands of fur cuffs with the apology of a body attached—in reality a band to hold them together at the back—little warm, featherweight summer wraps in a new guise.

PLAIDS, of course, were shown by every house. But to wear a famous clan Tartan of historic association and family tradition as a purely frivolous fashion remains with us just a little matter of doubtful taste. It was interesting to see the many cotton materials shown, possibly with an eye to English buyers who can be heard doing sums as to what models will cost in London, plus the douane. For beach clothes, cotton is the most suitable wear, especially in the gay colours and patterns that are used.

Thomas

Thirty-two years Huntsman to the BERKELEY Ho

Late 18th Century ar

Oldaker

HOUNDS on his favourite Hunter Brush

and early 19th

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Noiseless riding at any speed in a P·S·C 'all-steel' body

Put your hand on a ringing bell and immediately its waves of sound cease. P·S·C "puts a hand" of permanent felt-lining on every steel surface in car-body construction. That is why there is never any drumming in the interior of a P·S·C-built body.

MORRIS | AUSTIN
WOLSELEY | HILLMAN
ROVER | M.G.

are using P·S·C Pressed Steel

It's a pleasure — a quiet surprise — to ride in a P·S·C body. Felt-lining throughout deadens out all drumming. It's safe too, for the "sill" or frame — hitherto a necessity between body and chassis—has gone and the weight is nearer the ground. The P·S·C body builds direct to the chassis—the two become one rigid unit. The body is lighter too, because pressed steel pillars and supports—slim but strong—supplant the bulky side and roof members. And because of its 'one-piece' construction the P·S·C body is as free from road-rattle as the interior is from drumming.

P·S·C MAKES POSSIBLE THE 'ONE-PIECE' CAR

THE PRESSED STEEL COMPANY OXFORD

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The pit and the olive branches

By GEORGE FROXFIELD

WHEN Louise, her maid, announced that Mr. Ramsay Peel had called, insisted upon coming in ("brushed me aside as if I was a fly, miss. He did—really"), and was shut in the drawing-room, Gwenllian didn't throw up the sponge. Instead, most methodically, she slid it into its rainbow-rubber bag.

For five minutes, from wardrobe and chest-of-drawers to Louise on her knees beside the cabin-trunk, Gwenllian went on tossing such essential garments as a woman must take with her to Paris, even when she is absconding with another woman's rich husband.

Why, she wondered, had Ramsay come. She knew he hated her—at least she comforted herself with that belief, for while hatred is only skin deep, contempt cuts to the bone.

Ramsay's greeting, however, made her feel uneasy. Smiling he came striding across the silky Persian carpet that Ingleby had lately given her and the fingers of her right hand were completely swallowed up in both of his.

"I've heard," he exclaimed excitedly, "I've come crashing round to tell you how immensely glad I am that you and Ingleby are going to be sensible at last. These clandestine things sicken me. My brother's ten years my junior as you know. All Ingleby's life I've rammed one thing into him. 'Be open,' I've said. It's secret things—like drinking alone—that destroy a man. It's splendid you two coming out into the open."

"What," Gwenllian asked without the betraying flicker of one heavily laden eye-lash, "exactly do you mean?"

"Gwen," said Ramsay, to whom hitherto she had been Miss Hope, "don't fence. Sit down and tell me where Ingleby's taking you."

"Nowhere," said she, "Except, p'raps, out to dinner."

"Exactly," he answered, smiling, "in Paris. You see, I know all about it."

"How?" was her perfectly self-possessed answer.

"Ingleby and I have been good pals all our lives."

"I thought he—rather funked you," said Gwenllian. "By the way, does Mrs. Peel know, too?"

"Peg? Lord, my dear, if she did I'd expect her to be round here scalping you in two shakes of a duck's tail! Peg's fierce. Wives never can look at these things dispassionately. Wives will always be old-fashioned. Peg would stick a knife into you gladly."

Gwenllian murmured something about a female dog in the manger and added:

"She never tried to make him happy. They've been two people for ages."

"Not ages. Only since Ingleby made a fool of himself over——" Ramsay stopped, conscious of tactlessness.

"Mrs. Mead-Foley?" put in Gwenllian calmly. "I know. He told me. I'm breaking up no happy home, am I?"

"Of course you aren't," he declared, "Peg and Ingleby have been sinking for months. It's better to cut the painter. You're perfectly right. Only don't ask Peg to agree."

"I ask nothing of Mrs. Peel; I leave that to others."

From gossip and from Ingleby's confidences she knew that Ramsay was devoted to his brother's wife. Like a brother to Peggy, Ramsay was, Ingleby had declared. It had been difficult to conceal a smile. She didn't take the trouble to conceal that knowing smile now, and it widened at the sudden pallor at the corners of Ramsay's mouth.

"What are you hinting at?" he demanded, fury latent in his altered voice. "Out with it!"

Gwenllian yawned and stretched, reminiscent of a cat with its claws in a cushion, and said, smiling, with the roguish air the producer of *Gutter Women* had with great difficulty and colossal patience instilled in her:

"Is that why you're pleased that I'm taking Ingleby out of the way?"

For thirty long seconds she was apprehensive. Perhaps she had gone too far. Ramsay Peel, explorer, big-game hunter, more at home in the Selvas—those impenetrable forests of the Amazon—or the semi-arctic passes of the Himalayas, was too dangerous a bull to bait. She had time to remember the story of that arch-gossip, Queenie Knight.

QUEENIE had spread a rumour about Ramsay and a little chorus girl. Subsequently it had transpired that Ramsay had met the girl's brother on a ruby mine in Upper Burma and was befriending her "on request." But Ramsay—in 1931 and a Mayfair drawing-room—had put a squealing Queenie across his knee and chastised her in the oldest-fashioned way with her own shoe.

To-day, Gwenllian was relieved to see the glitter die in Ramsay's amber eyes and the menace leave his lengthening lips. She realised that he was suppressing a smile and wondered why she had been so obtuse as to imagine she had an enemy in him. Her removal of Ingleby did, of course, suit Ramsay down to the ground.

"We'll leave my motives out of this," he said, but he was staring into the fire and Gwenllian knew exactly the pictures he saw there: Ingleby's divorce, Peggy's desolation, and his opportunity. "I don't come on in this Act."

"No," said Gwenllian, "you make your appearance in Act II, and—I hope you'll be very happy."

"Thank you," said he, and, leaning back in his chair, lit a cigarette. "But that's all on the lap of the gods. A hunter soon learns the folly of selling the skin before the lion's killed. Gwenllian, you'll take care of Ingleby, won't you? If you could lift him on to the water-waggon it 'ud be all the better for him. Ingleby's——"

She listened both amazed and amused till the telephone-bell made him break off in the middle of a sentence about his brother's tendency to chills.

"Gwenllian speaking," said she, sprawling over the end of the sofa with a prodigal display of more than calf. "Is who here? . . . Who's speaking? . . . Whose typist?"

She put a muffling hand over the transmitter.

"It's a girl in Ingleby's office. He wants to talk to you."

"*Me?*" exclaimed Ramsay, sitting bolt upright.

"Tell him I want to speak to him," said Gwenllian, removing her muting palm. "What? . . . *Very* mysterious! . . . Hold the line then."

"Ingleby wants to talk to you

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urgently," she explained. "I'm to wait. Cheek, isn't it? But darling Ingleby's so excited, I know, that he doesn't know A from a duck's foot." She held the receiver out to Ramsay and whispered: "How did he know you were here? Ask him."

Ramsay, frowning, seeming nervous and amazed, took the receiver, bent and said:

"Yes, Ramsay Peel speaking. . . What? . . . Put me through to him at once, then . . . Hello. Ingleby! What made you think you'd find me here? . . . No, of course there wasn't any secret about it, only . . . I've just been telling her that I'm glad you've decided to cut the Gordian knot. . . . Sorry, old boy. Let's have it, then."

In growing apprehension Gwenllian heard Ramsay three times ejaculate staccato, "My God!"

Though she had spent eight impressionable years playing second-rate plays in third-rate touring companies, she had never seen surprise, dismay and consternation registered in more hackneyed fashion.

Ramsay's lower jaw sagged. His tongue kept whipping out, his fingers alternately clenched and relaxed. He kept swallowing and blinking, and when he crashed the receiver on to its hooks and turned to her, he fingered his tie and collar as though both were too tight. His breathing was audible. His eye-brows and the rut between made an M.

"What's the matter?" asked Gwenllian—so suspiciously that she might as well have said, "What's the game?"

Ramsay seemed suddenly to recall her existence. "Nothing," he ejaculated, then caught up the receiver again and gave a number.

"SCOTT, WHITEHEAD AND CO.?" he asked, breaking in on frantic Gwenllian's rain of unheeded questions. "Mr. Scott in? Mr. Ramsay Peel speaking . . . Yes. At once, please. . . That you, Scott? My brother's just rung me up. Is he off his chump or what? . . . What?"

At the mention of Scott, Whitehead and Co., the firm through which Ingleby Peel earned—or at any rate drew—his ample income, panic had begun to lick in Gwenllian's interior. Esoteric organs were churning. Revolution seemed to have broken out within her as she stared at Ramsay and heard his ejaculations.

"It *can't* be! . . . Surely, man, you're looking on the black side? . . . Is Whitehead about? . . . Yes. I'd like to speak to him. Ingleby sounds done in. I've always looked on him as my kid brother, you know."

He turned to Gwenllian.

"Only business, old girl," he said, and his attempt at a smile frightened her. "Ingleby's all right. Fit as a fiddle. Don't you scare yourself. Just a business matter. Not Ingleby's fault. He's—Hello, Whitehead! That you? Yes, Ramsay Peel speaking——"

When Ramsay hung up the receiver he remained staring at it, so obviously preparing a lie that Gwenllian said:

"Out with it. Why didn't Ingleby tell me himself?"

"It's—rather bad news. He thought of you. He wants me to break it to you. It doesn't affect your plans one bit. But there's been a—bit of a smash. It's like this——"

SHE listened, but she didn't believe Ramsay's confident assurances. Once more her histrionic training aided her. Never had villain in transpontine melodrama so transparently betrayed that he was lying. Ramsay's shifty eyes avoided hers most resolutely. Ramsay kept prefacing each reassuring statement with "To tell you the truth"—a phrase she had found to be the hall-mark of a lie. Everything, according to Ramsay, was—or, at worst, shortly would be—"quite all right."

Aghast he was, she knew, at the thought that this tragedy would interfere with Ingleby's plans, even before he took everything for granted by saying:

"His getting away is lucky for Ingleby. A smash of this kind always hits a lot of little people, and they throw mud. Keep him in Paris till the affair's blown over. Tell him if he wants any money not to hesitate to draw on me."

She glanced at him, shocked. He was lighting another cigarette. Though he was obviously so thoughtful, he had forgotten, she was sure, to whom he spoke.

"Ingleby—draw on you? You mean he's—ruined?"

"Damn!" ejaculated Ramsay, then palpably as an afterthought flung the spent match into the fire. "Burnt myself! Ruined? My dear girl, of *course* not!"

She felt his mind lay open to her eyes. She realised that he was terrified that the disaster to Ingleby would make her draw back and prevent Peggy falling into his hands.

"The firm's—gone phut?" she asked.

"Lord, no!"

"Then why has Ingleby to come to you for money?"

"I—I didn't mean to say it," he answered sheepishly.

"Tell me the truth," she said, leaning forward, on edge. "I've the right to know it, haven't I?"

He stared at her. She knew he was appraising her.

"I'm a clumsy ass," said Ramsay at length. "I apologise to you—and Ingleby. I've lived among savages so long that I've forgotten how to lie."

A very faint smile curled his lips and died away.

"I've been frank so long," he added, "that now when it's up to me to—to put a gloss on things, I've failed. Well, it *is* your right, as you remind me. Yes, Gwen, things are pretty bad."

"He's lost a lot of money?"

"I'm afraid so."

"How? Tell me."

"It's a long story. Apparently too much trust has been put in an agent operating for the firm in New York—Wall Street, you know. Prices—it's common knowledge—have crashed terribly. Then there was an oilfield——"

She listened to Ramsay's quiet explanation, then said sharply: "Ingleby told you all this—in that second?"

He glanced up, then said hesitatingly:

"It's—got about a bit in the City, you know."

"It's why you came!" she exclaimed, and now everything seemed clear. "Wanting us to come out into the open! Piffle! Wanting me to—burn my boats! That's all! Don't try to deny it. I know exactly what you're up to."

"What d'you mean?" he demanded, and his eyes were menacing. "D'you think I've such a low opinion of you that I dreamt for one moment that you'd taken up Ingleby just because he was—fairly well-off?"

"Perhaps not. But you were afraid I'd chuck him when I heard he was poor. You were afraid he'd ring me up and tell me. That's why you came. To gloss the whole thing over. Draw on you, indeed! So we're to be beggars—on your dole, are we?"

"Gwen, it's a terrible knock for you," he answered placidly, "but I refuse to take offence whatever you say."

"Damn you and your offence," she retorted, and stood up, breathing very swiftly. "I shall ring Ingleby up——"

Ramsay's great hand shot out, his tanned fingers wringing her wrist.

"You shan't!" he said. "Leave the poor devil alone. You shan't torture him. He's got enough to bear."

"Haven't *I*? Let go. Let go, I tell you!"

"Gwen, he's left the office. I'm meeting him. *I'm* going to tell him you were—wonderfully brave. I'm going to tell him how plucky—how sweet you've been. I'm going to brace the old boy with a couple of cocktails and let him know that he can depend on me for one thing and you for another—the only two things that really matter in life—money and—love."

"You fool—you blasted fool!" exclaimed Gwenllian. "Lived among savages—among maniacs, I'd say! But it's all a pose! You want to clear him out of your way. That's all. You'd pay him to get hold of his wife. Scowl away. I see through you. And I *will* get through to Ingleby. I'll——"

RAMSAY released her wrist, put his arm between her and the table, and thrust her back. Then he caught up the telephone cord, circled it round his huge hands held close together, bowed, veins swelling on his forehead.

The line parted.

"Haven't you—any heart?" he asked, panting. "A decent woman—and you are, I'm sure you are—wouldn't let this bit of bad luck——"

"The bad luck's on you," she retorted. "A decent woman! D'you think a decent woman would go away with a man when he's suddenly ruined, add to the worry and expense, drag him down still farther?"

Suddenly she laughed, the humour of the situation too much for her.

"Ramsay . . . caught up the telephone cord, circled it round his huge hands held close together, bowed, veins swelling on his forehead. The line parted"

"Let our high horses hop it!" she cried. "Let's be frank. D'you think I'm cut out to be a poor man's wife?"

"Don't be. Nobody wants you to be a wife. But don't let him down just as——"

"Don't let *you* down. Don't be a wife, you say. That doesn't matter. Be the woman cited; be the key to make Peggy Peel fall into your clutches? Thanks. I'm not on."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Ramsay. "If I wait and hand you over to Ingleby unconscious you're on, and he's going to take you away."

"Threats may pay in the jungle; they sound very inane in South Kensington. Get out of my way."

Ramsay shook his head. She made towards the bell. He caught her arm.

"I've only to scream. I'm not a bit afraid," she said—but she was.

He stood glowering at her.

"I don't believe you are," he said, his reluctance to make the admission plain. "You're damned plucky. I can't keep admiring you. I'd admire you still more if you'd—do the right thing by Ingleby. It's kicking a man when he's down, Gwen."

"I've myself to consider," said she, intensely relieved, but trying to speak off-handedly. "You must see that."

He nodded in such utter dejection and deflation that she knew he was defeated.

"It's asking too much—a bit too much," she said.

"I suppose it is. But I've built——" He turned away. Fool, she thought, to throw himself away on a prude like Peggy Peel! Great, hulking, shaggy fool!

"I'd like a drink," said Ramsay abruptly.

"May I ring the bell, then, after all?"

"I apologise," said he, sinking down on the sofa. "Do what you like."

She rang. The maid appeared.

"Finish off packing, Louise," said Gwenllian. "And pack your own box. We're going to—er—Torquay for a change. But first bring—whisky, Mr. Peel?"

"Please," he said shortly, and relapsed into silence.

"The decanter, a syphon, and two glasses. When you've packed—be quick, Louise, please—tell the porter to fetch a taxi." She mixed him a drink—sighing at the length of the interval before he said "When"—made herself a very short peg, and said:—

"Here's how. Honest injun, I'm sorry, Mr. Peel. Ingleby's a lamb. But a girl must think a bit about herself, mustn't she?"

"They all do," said he, "so I suppose you must. Chin, Chin!"

He sat staring at the bubbles breaking the surface of his drink, then said:-

"Poor old Ingleby! I can't get him out of my mind."

To her amazement he began to talk of Ingleby at a "prep" school, Ingleby at Harrow, Ingleby at Oxford.

Louise interrupted. The taxi was below. Ramsay lumbered down to it behind Gwenllian.

"Making for Paddington?" he asked.

"That is, I believe," answered Gwenllian smiling, "the proper terminus for Torquay."

"Then, p'rhaps you'll give me a lift to Hyde Park Corner? I'm meeting my brother at my club."

"It's a little—out of place," observed Gwenllian, smiling, "but still—and Louise is a chaperon. Hop in."

He stepped in, making the taxi lurch. In silence they drove into Cromwell Road. As they neared the top of Sloane Street Gwenllian suddenly leant forward and sideways, and cried:

"Drive to Cardigan Square, please, Number 10."

Ramsay started violently, and eyed her.

"I want to see de-ah Peggy," exclaimed Gwenllian, smiling. "There's been a misunderstanding. I want to clear it up. Any objection, Ramsay, dear?"

In silence he eyed her.

"None," he said.

"There's a good boy," said she. "A struggle with a female in a taxi in Sloane Street makes so much more noise than shooting an aboriginal or so in the Congo, doesn't it? Besides, honestly, I'm seeing Peggy with the best intentions."

Louise remained in the taxi. Gwenllian and Ramsay mounted the steps. A young footman opened the door. Ramsay took her upstairs, opened the drawing-room door and said: "Good afternoon, Peggy. I've brought a visitor to see you. Miss Hope——"

Gwenllian, sailing in, dramatically stopped dead.

"You—you've heard?" she asked.

"About the smash?" answered Peggy quietly. "Yes."

"I'm so dreadfully—dreadfully sorry," gushed Gwenllian. "I felt frightfully shocked when Ramsay told me and so terribly sympathetic towards you and your husband. Ingleby's such a dear. Mrs. Peel, I've only lately heard that there's been—talk. Gossips are the cruellest people. I never dreamt anybody could see harm in our little friendship. Never. It's so utterly untrue. My art's everything to me. Always has been. No man's ever, interested me; except platonically; like your husband. Such an interesting man. And directly I heard of his misfortunes I thought I must come and see you."

"It was a very kind thought," said Peggy. "Won't you sit down? I'm afraid you won't see Ingleby because he's going to Paris to-night—on business."

Ten minutes later Ramsay followed Gwenllian out to the taxi.

"Poor kid," said she on the steps, "she little knows, I suppose, how near she's been to a trip in the Andes, or wherever you're off to next. I'm really sorry for you, old thing. I am indeed."

"Thanks," said he.

As he prepared to step into the taxi after her, Gwenllian exclaimed:

"But aren't you staying—to comfort her in this tragic moment? I should have thought you ought to—especially with Ingleby in Paris to-night on business."

"It's—all—over," said Ramsay heavily and subsided beside her. "I'm going to drown my sorrows at the club."

The drowning was, however, postponed, for he saw Gwenllian and Louise off to Torquay before subsiding in an armchair in the smoke-room and ordering a double Corpse-Reviver—an old-fashioned cocktail that he thought the occasion demanded.

The cocktail swallowed, Ramsay went to a telephone-box and got through to 10, Cardigan Square.

"That you, Peggy? Jumbo speaking. The scarlet letter's off. Torquaywards all right. You did your bit magnificently. You sounded typically typisty—catarrhal and off-hand to the *n*th. I didn't recognise your voice myself. Later on, with the hook depressed, I had an imaginary conversation with Scott and Whitehead. Everything, as you've gathered, went according to Cocker."

"You're just wonderful!" exclaimed Peggy. "When I found that beastly little note in Ingleby's pocket this afternoon, I felt like scragging her. I rang you up in despair. I never dreamt you'd be able to *do* anything, Jumbo, never! I didn't believe in your plan one bit. I didn't think *anybody* could be taken in by it. It's *such* an ancient wheeze."

"So's a decoy duck," said he, "but it still works. Now then. To-night Ingleby will hang about Charing Cross till the train goes, and then——"

"Well—then?"

"Then he'll go home with his tail between his legs."

"And I'm to fall on his neck? I'm to keep it dark about finding her letter—pretend I know nothing—just carry on as usual?"

"No. Just carry on—unusually."

"Thanks! Her leavings! Not me."

"Peg, the old chap's an ass. And she made such a dead set. Besides, you've been stand-offish for months."

"And you expect me to——?"

"Put him across your knee, Peg."

"It's no laughing matter, you know."

"Few better. Not with a whippy shoe on the bare, it isn't."

"You *are* awful!"

"*It* is. Ask Queenie Knight. That Hope woman had several narrow escapes this afternoon. Don't worry any more, old girl. I'll be your watch-dog at Charing Cross. I'll tell Ingleby that she's been to see you because she's discovered that her art's her all."

The receiver at her ear crackled till Peggy thought it must shiver into pieces.

"It won't be long before even Ingleby sees the fun in that. We'll put in a drink and a good laugh, and then I'll pack him back home to you."

"I—I don't want him back home, Jumbo."

"Then—I've got it? Pack yourself! Come along to Charing Cross. Say you've suddenly thought a change in Paris would do you good. Forgive him, Peg."

"I can't. When I read that letter from that filthy little sweep this morning I felt like killing him."

"Kill him in Paris, then. You'll get away with it there."

"I don't know, you *can* rag——"

"Sometimes it's about all a man can do. Suppose I said 'Don't forgive him. Come to me instead. I love you.' What would you say to that?"

"O Jumbo!"

"Exactly. That's about all you'd say. 'O Jumbo!' I knew it. It's Ingleby you love—only you won't admit it."

"I don't," said Peggy without conviction.

"I shall expect you to roll up at Charing Cross. Most unexpected it will be. I shall show even more surprise than Ingleby. If you don't come I shall see Ingleby safely off, then call on you, take you out to dinner, make love to you, and——"

"Jumbo, you're perfectly shocking. You really are."

"You'll find I am—if you don't put in an appearance at Charing Cross. Look your best. Don't be hard on poor old Ingleby. He's really damned fond of you. Don't be snubby. Be—be Peg."

Someone at the club that night put a question to Ramsay about tiger traps. "Shooting 'em's more in my line," said he. "But I've always heard that you must make 'em think they're going their own way, while you drive 'em exactly where you want 'em to go. That is to a pit. You conceal the pit with branches." Ramsay chuckled and added, "Olive branches for choice."

"Olive branches, Peel? Why the devil?"

"They're deadly," said Ramsay, "I caught a tigress that way myself this very afternoon."

G. F.

CHAPLIN'S MUCH-TALKED-OF BUT NOT TALKIE, PICTURE

Charlie Chaplin as he appears in his latest picture, "City Lights"—incidentally as he appears in every picture he has made, the serio-comic figure of a little tramp

The tramp pretends to be a millionaire to impress the blind girl, who has aroused both his pity and his love. Virginia Cherrill is Chaplin's new leading lady, and she is exquisitely pretty

Before the fight. The star's tour de force in this picture is a comedy boxing match. He has tried to combine in the film satire, sentiment, romance and slap-stick humour

WHEN THE "BANNED"

FOR some inexplicable reason the Censor has seen fit to ban the film version of Sutton Vane's stage play, "Outward Bound." However, owing to the anomalies of the screen censorship the London and Middlesex County Councils have passed it, and it is being given a première run at the Regal. I have heard an opinion expressed by a spiritualist that this delicate attempt to give an idea of what heaven and hell may mean to various types of people was inspired. Sutton Vane is not a spiritualist, and it is suggested that he may have written mediumistically.

WE are shown, in effect, several characters who, symbolically, are depicted as being on a liner. They are all dead excepting two young lovers—who are at the moment attempting suicide and so are "half ways." An examiner comes aboard the liner and each individual is treated according to his deserts. The young lovers are given another chance, and their attempted suicide is interrupted so that they wake in our world.

I WAS speaking to Sutton Vane the other day, and he told me that he thought the screen had given an even greater value to his play than the stage. It is directed by Robert Milton, and the cast includes Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr.—one of the most promising of juvenile leads — Helen Chandler, Beryl Mercer, Alec B. Francis, Alison Shipworth, Lyonel Watt, Montagu Love and Dudley Digges. All of them are stage actors, and Leslie Howard, one of Broadway's most popular leading men, makes his talkie début as Tom Prior, a lovable wastrel.

The auction at which Hornblower and Hillcrist outbid each other for the possession of "The Century," in B.I.P's film version of "The Skin Game," including in its cast Edmund Gwenn, Phyllis Konstam, Frank Lawton, Ronald Frankau, Jill Esmond, and others

Two intending suicides whose love defied death! Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., and Helen Chandler as the lovers in "Outward Bound," the film version of Sutton Vane's play

Passengers on a mysterious boat bound for—who knows where? Tom Prior, the ne'er-do-well, attempts to tell his sceptical fellow-travellers that theirs is a phantom ship. Another scene from Vane's play, which is to be presented at the Regal on March 14

The Examiner (Dudley Digges) reassures the Minister (Lyonel Watts) that his beloved work is not to be taken from him in the next world. A scene in Warner Brothers' film version of "Outward Bound"

PLAYS By Lionel Collier

The conflict between the Hornblowers and Hillcrists is arrested on seeing Chloe's unconscious form being brought from the lake. A scene from "The Skin Game," a Hitchcock production made at Elstree

CHAPLIN hysteria culminated in the première at the Dominion of his latest picture, "City Lights." Society attended in force, and Charlie Chaplin sat next to Bernard Shaw; or should I say Shaw sat next to Chaplin. At every available opportunity crowds in the stalls flocked to look at the circle and focus opera glasses on the comedian. Hero worship gone mad. Having heard such extravagant reports of this film I must confess to disappointment. It is definitely not so good as either "The Pilgrim," or "The Gold Rush," and the comedian has not, except in two instances, made any exploration into the uses of sound in comedy. Chaplin, I feel, is beginning to forget that he is a genius in pantomimics and concentrate too much on that fatal phrase which has been so repeatedly applied to him, "The pathetic figure of a little tramp." In other words, Hollywood sentiment is allowed to obtrude too strongly; whereas in the past the sentiment has all been in the background and subordinate to his clowning, it is now inclined to be paramount. Naturally, the picture is funny. Chaplin could not make a failure; but the last half does not line up to the satire and delicious fooling of the opening. Also he inclines to a vulgarity to which a man of his undoubted capability need never have stooped. Personally, I feel that a few years away from Hollywood would do Chaplin a lot of good.

To Hitchcock, the producer, rather than to Galsworthy, the author, does the screen version of "The Skin Game" owe its success. Somehow the old squire—who seems to need a chorus of villagers — and the pushing, commercial nouveau riche do not convince as characters, they are merely expressions of types, and of types which seem to belong to an earlier period. Even their behaviour strikes one as completely artificial. Hitchcock, however, has pictured the struggle between the two with intelligence and a fine sense of movement. He very nearly makes you believe in them. The acting, too, is on a high level. Edmund Gwenn as the blatant Hornblow and C. V. France as the aristocratic Hillcrist form excellent foils, while Helen Hayes scores an individual success as the latter's wife. Phyllis Konstam, an English actress who is coming rapidly to the fore, gives a well-balanced performance as Hornblower's unfortunate daughter-in-law, whose somewhat dubious past leads to his humiliation, not to mention her own attempted suicide. One of the scenes which struck me as outstanding is that of the auction, with the two antagonists trying to outbid one another. In this Ronald Frankau makes his screen début as an auctioneer; it is a little cameo of comedy acting. Altogether this is a very good British picture, directed with imagination and well above the standard of the average American film.

THERE is too much talk and not enough thrill in Leslie Hiscott's adaptation of two Sherlock Holmes stories under the generic title of "The Sleeping Cardinal." The fact is that, as a rule, Conan Doyle reads much better than he dramatises. It is a pleasure to see such a lifelike representation of Holmes as that given by Arthur Wontner, and such a sinister figure as Norman McKinnell makes of Moriarty, but one would have liked to see a little more action. Deduction is interesting in a book, but when it is pictured it needs turning into action. I am afraid "The Sleeping Cardinal made me a little sleepy, too, in spite of the fact that I was interested in the development of the plot. There should be more action in "The Speckled Band," which is shortly to be shown, and in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," which is still in production. I doubt, however, if a better Sherlock Holmes than Arthur Wontner will be found.

L. C.

Dorothy Wilding

Phyllis Konstam takes the part of Chloe Hornblower in the film version of John Galsworthy's play, "The Skin Game"

BY HELEN McKIE

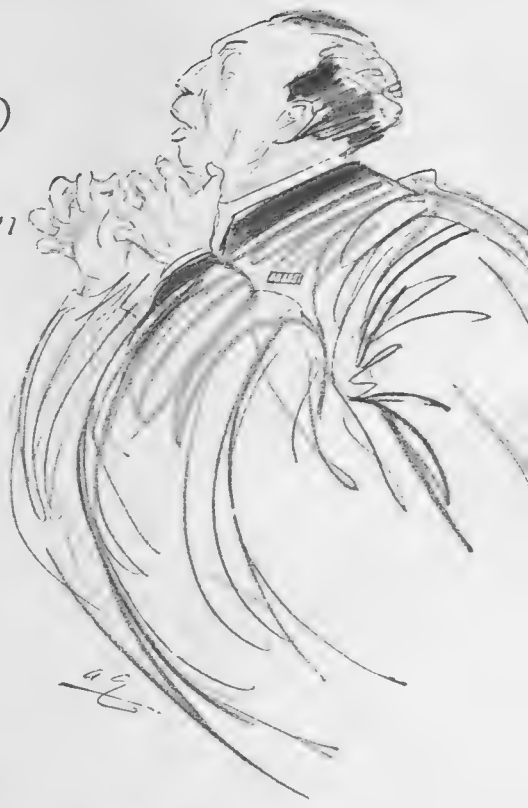
LONDON'S LUXURY

Year by year, no matter what the rental may be, more and more comfort and amenities are demanded by tenants of flats in the metropolis. A further effort to provide such accommodation is seen in the impression above, gathered by our artist at Berkeley Court, the new block of handsome buildings at the junction of Baker Street and Marylebone Road. In addition to central heating, constant hot water supplied to every bedroom, automatic refrigerators, a house telephone service and heated linen cupboards, the general features include a delightful roof garden, a magnificent entrance hall, shown above, with, inset, a glimpse of one of the bedrooms

PARIS GOSSIP

PARTIES, SPANIARDS AND DECORATIONS

By Sylvia Lyon



Henri Torrès, the great lawyer who pleaded the cause of Dr. Gastaud in the Lady Owen trial

THERE is one great social danger during bad times: nobody goes "out," few people give parties, and one is forced to fall back upon gossip, Parisians not taking too kindly to backgammon, despite the good old-fashioned efforts of Elsa Maxwell. Gossip these days is simply wild, and even if it were trained and placed under a microscope I would not believe it.

However, certain parties go on; anxious mothers cannot waste whole pages of their calendars, and a year, after all, is a year. It is the only tradition left of this capitalist system, and the only people left who are loyal capitalists are those without any capital.

BUT how comforting is the old Parisian echo: "Une soirée très réussie et très gai a été donnée Samedi par la Comtesse de Something for the friends of her daughter." How successful it is can only be gauged by the strained, the eager regards of the mothers lined up against the wall as if they were waiting to be shot, while their daughters gambol shyly with young men who are simply dying to be somewhere else—probably the bar simply called "Bar" in the Rue Balzac, where Wiener and Doccet play on two pianos. Therefore the gaiety!

ONE may smile, that is quite correct, but Alphonsine, my dear, never, never laugh aloud. It is still considered to be just a bit immoral for a jeune fille du monde to dress well, or to powder her nose, even in private. However, a Frenchman has a great deal of optimistic imagination, and although he would like to choke the bleating lamb clasped chastely in his arms, the lamb, if he dances with her twice, will blush and giggle for a whole week about her "new flirt."

NOWADAYS the Ritz is filled with Spanish nobles, including the Duc d'Albe and the Duc de Santo Mauro, the handsomest and most popular bachelor in Spain, who are forgetting annoyances at home by leaving the Ritz every day to go to the new Palm Beach Golf in the Rue Marbeuf. This at the moment is the gayest spot in Paris, especially at cocktail time. There are several artificial palm trees and a stream that the management insists is a running brook, but I claim that it is stagnant.

AROUND low, white wooden tables are the most comfortable chairs in Paris, where daily sit Consuelo Pani, the daughter of the Mexican Minister, Margot and Kiki Roy, the daughters of the Canadian Minister, and Señorita Anchorena, the daughter of the Anchorena Minister. Nobody pays any attention to those playing miniature golf, unless it is the Duc de Santo Mauro or Mr. Austin Barnard. Instead, one discusses the forthcoming marriage of Antinor, son of Simon Patiño, the Bolivian Minister, to Cristina de Borbon, the beautiful daughter of the Duc de Durcal. Simon Patiño, it will be remembered, one day woke up to find his Bolivian farm was not a farm at all. It was a tin mine, the largest tin deposit in the world, which grew to be greater than the entire national wealth of Bolivia. His daughter, Elena, last year married the Duc del Merito, one of whose properties is Merito Xeres.

GOLDEN SPRING ON THE AZURE COAST

The Grand Duchess Helen of Greece and Princess Elizabeth of Greece enjoying the sunshine on the Riviera where spring is now at its best. They are seen in the grounds of the Hotel des Anglais at Cannes, which overlooks the blue Mediterranean

HAVE you heard this story? Last year a wealthy Argentine was in Madrid and was invited to attend a court ceremonial, which happened also to be a religious one. Finding himself surrounded by all

At the new Palm Beach Golf in the Rue Marbeuf there are several palm trees and a brook

the grandees in Spain at that moment, the Argentine nearly lost his mind. The grandees sat down. The Argentine, quite dazed, remained standing. Considerate of his plight, King Alfonso waved his hand to him as a signal to be seated. But the Argentine, now in a fever, in a sudden delusion of intimate grandeur, happily waved back at the King.

S

No one knows the theatre better than Henri Torrès, the great lawyer, who adapted for the French stage *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, and who, with Campinchi as his legal adversary, conducted the trial of Lady Owen. Torrès, who pleaded the cause of Dr. Gastaud, the man who should have been shot instead of his wife, said that Lady Owen was nothing but an actress—that's what she was. Of course, her appearance at the court-room in Versailles showed that she *is* an actress, but Torrès referred to the blackest spot in her past as the time she was a chorus girl in London. Let us be cynical: on page one of a newspaper a woman caught in the unbecoming coils of the law is referred to as an actress as though she were a poisonous reptile. On page three another actress is referred to as "our great actress, our great artiste, who has carried the prestige of France abroad."

S

Heaven help Charlie Chaplin if he ever gets into trouble. He will be referred to as "that actor." It is surmised that Chaplin will be awarded the Legion of Honour when in Paris. This recalls his previous visit, when, having been given the Palme Academique, a thoroughly banal decoration, Cecile Sorel tore the violet ribbon from his coat, burst into tears, and said it was an insult.

S

In order to be given a decoration of the Legion of Honour, a friend must make the application. Dossiers filled with information concerning the victim and his qualifications are forwarded to a committee. If the man is fairly unknown, he gets the decoration. But if he is well known the application may be turned down, because if there is anything in the past of a well-known man, the world knows all about it. That is why the most prominent figure of the French stage, actor-playwright-manager, has never received the Legion of Honour. In spite of his healthy, fertile, and creative career, he seems to have had a lapse of memory during the years 1914-1918. He forgot to go to the Front.

S

Things Which Strike Everyone

Microgolf, at the Théâtre Pigalle. . . . Lord Tyrrell having been made a member of the Jockey Club, sponsored by the Duc de Doudeauville and the Marquis de Lubersac. . . . Jules Cambon, for many years French Ambassador to Germany, being now president of the Cercle Interalliée, succeeding the late Comte de Beaumont. . . . Paris going wild over Marlene Dietrich, not only because of her charm, but because upon her arrival here she announced her visit was to enable her to spend her wedding anniversary with her husband, Herr Sieber. . . . The Paramount Theatre giving a reception for the Press, and when Marlene Dietrich's fountain pen ran dry from too many autographs and she asked for the loan of another pen, not one of the thirty journalists surrounding her possessing one. I will therefore appeal in their favour for presents of fountain pens from M. Coty, of *Figaro*, and M. Bailby, of *L'Intransigeant*. The new, tremendous building in the Champs-Elysées to be occupied by the National City Bank. S. L.

Central News

The Countess de Chasseloup, one of the leading members of the Young Set of Paris, who has taken up flying. She is known as the Golden Girl by reason of the fact that she invariably affects that colour for her clothes

"Cécile Sorel tore the violet ribbon from Charlie Chaplin's coat, burst into tears and said it was an insult"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

HUSSIES, HAREMS AND HISTORIES By "Junius"

MRS. CLAIRE SHERIDAN

Whose outspoken novel of harem life, "El Caïd," is reviewed in this number. It is published by Thornton Butterworth at 7s. 6d.

"He writes history as if it were fiction; and fiction as if it were history." This was said of a writer who dabbled in both. The second part of the sentence applies to Mr. Stephen McKenna. His *Dermotts Rampant* (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.) is history in the guise of fiction, a history which shows the vast social changes which began before the War, and which have culminated in the present day. Mr. McKenna has an art entirely his own in showing us the progress of one family through three generations—from a refugee couple driven out of Ireland by the Great Famine down to the great-grandson who inherits his father's peerage.

This, I think, is the most subtle touch in a book full of subtleties. The old ruling class go down all round the successful commercial man who wins his way to the House of Lords through his hard-won fortune and politics. Yet the son succeeds simply by birthright to exactly the same position as that once occupied by the old and disappearing class.

MR. STEPHEN McKENNA Vandyk

His latest novel, "Dermotts Rampant" (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.) is now on sale. It affords a most interesting study of the social changes which have taken place in this country from the pre-war days to the present time

The only criticism I have to make on this book—one of the most valuable records of recent times—is that sometimes one is conscious that Mr. McKenna is fitting his characters into circumstances, and that they are not always the outcome of the conditions in which they live. An unhappy love story runs through the book, between the narrator and a Duke's daughter, this being summed up with "What is to be done? for I cannot live either with or without her." A very pretty problem! And the tragedy is that the Duke's daughter is a "baggage," and not worth bothering about.

The next book on my list, *Conscience*, by Aceituna Griffin (Murray: 7s. 6d.), likewise has a "baggage" for a heroine. But here you have the difference in the point of view of the male and the female novelist. Mr. McKenna's hero goes on living in single solitude. Miss Griffin's hero, after having unwittingly killed a man to save the honour of a girl he loves and eventually marries, goes into a monastery when this lady leaves him for a devastating peer with a divorce court record as long as your arm. Lilla, the heroine, is a cruel, calculating little jade. So cruel and calculating that you can't accept the author's presentation of her husband's intelligence and renunciation. Lilla is so small, so petty, that the tragedy she creates makes you angry. It is arbitrary, and wrong psychologically. That is why the end of the book fritters out into nothing. A big and gripping idea in the beginning, and only soda and barley-water for the end. It is a pity, because Miss Griffin has the courage of all her subsidiary characters.

Mrs. Claire Sheridan's new novel, *El Caïd* (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.), will never be given as a Sunday School prize; and there are still a few houses where it will not be left lying about by careful parents. Actually, Mrs. Sheridan has used the novel form to write what I should say is one of the frankest and most outspoken descriptions we have had of harem life amongst the Arabs. The account is first-hand, because Mrs. Sheridan has a house in the oasis of Biskra in which the scene of the novel is laid. And very realistic and vivid it is. The plot, however, strains one's credulity. An Irish peer, rejoicing in the odd name of Slaveen, would scarcely elope with the destined bride of an Arab chief at the bidding of a young Frenchwoman who has refused his offer of marriage. But this happens in the book.

It is arranged by Anne Marie, the heroine, to save the girl, whom she discovers to be of European birth, from marrying El Caïd, by herself taking the bride's place in the nuptial chamber. It was not a pleasant trick to play upon the Arab, who had shown her every kindness. His consideration for her in the position in which she had placed herself was far more than Anne Marie deserved. And if, after the last sentence in the book, her French lover "made an honest woman of her," that, too, was more than Anne Marie deserved.

Lady Tyrrell, the wife of the British Ambassador in Paris, tells us that some years ago she was complaining to Mr. H. G. Wells as to the way in which history is taught and the lack of books dealing with the world's history as a whole. He replied: "You know, if I were you, I wouldn't go on grumbling. I would just set to work and do it; get your ideas into shape."

Lady Tyrrell began at once, and so assiduously that the two first volumes of *The World's History: A Summary* (Nash and Grayson: 6s. each) have now appeared. It was a task before which the stoutest scholar might have quailed. These two volumes cover history from the earliest known times to the end of the third century of the Christian era. Five more volumes are to appear, bringing the summary down to the League of Nations. Lady Tyrrell describes the work of erudition and re-

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

search as "a book of reference," which it is. But a book of reference to history which has never been attempted in this form, and which satisfies her own complaint to Mr. Wells. I can easily foresee *The World's History* becoming a standard book, as necessary as the books of reference we use every day, and hundreds of people being grateful to Lady Tyrrell for following Mr. Wells's advice.

ALTHOUGH you may have more than a doubt that Thatcher Colt, the sleuth-hound crime detector in *The Murder of Geraldine Foster* (The Crime Club: Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Anthony Abbot, would never have had his existence but for Sherlock Holmes, he is an absorbingly interesting person. His methods, however reminiscent of his great prototype, have an originality of their own. The scene of the murder of Geraldine Foster is laid in New York, and a most ingenious murder it is, in which the actual criminal displays as much ingenuity in creating false clues as Thatcher Colt in unmasking them. It is one of the most thrilling murder stories I have read for a long time.

AT one time it seemed that the historical novel had gone entirely out of favour. But interest in this form of fiction would appear to be reviving, for three have been published within a few days of one another. The first, *The Three Brothers,* by Edwin Muir (Heinemann), is set in the time of Mary Queen of Scots. It is a story of family life rather than historical incident, except where the religious differences of the period touch the lives of the characters. Admirably written.

Mr. Rafael Sabatini is as much a master of historical fiction as the most practised fencer is with his foil. Once more, in *The Chronicles of Captain Blood* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), he proves his skill. The book is a continuation of *Captain Blood: His Odyssey,* and gives the further adventures of that dashing hero after his escape from Barbados, where he and many others were sold as slaves after the Battle of Sedgmoor. The story goes along at a rattling pace in a world of ships and buccaneers, with the Caribbean Sea for setting, and a meet and fitting end for the villain of the piece.

THE third, *Tumult in the North,* by George Preedy (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), strikes a very different note. Here, the Jacobite rising of 1715 serves as the background for the story in which myself I find all the haunting and mystic beauty of the Cumberland and Northumberland scenery in which it is placed. Admirers of *The Rocklitz* will find an entirely different atmosphere. All is quiet and subdued, but just as absorbing as the brilliant picture of the court at Dresden. Some of the descriptions of scenery are especially beautiful. This new book can be summed up in one word—romance in its every meaning—characters, surroundings and writing. A fine achievement. "JUNIUS."

PARIS PLAYS OF

E.N.A.

A rival to the "legit" in Paris. Josephine Baker, the negress, whose dancing in an Eve-like costume is a big attraction at the Casino de Paris

THERE is a theatrical slump in Paris just as in London. This means, for the English visitor with little time at his disposal, that he can get seats for any successful play at a moment's notice. It's an ill wind . . . .

What ought the English visitor to see besides the Folies Bergère and Josephine Baker? If you can persuade your taxi-man that, though English, you do *not* want to stop at the Casino de Paris to see Josephine, he will take you a little farther along the Rue de Clichy to the unpretentious Théâtre de l'Œuvre. Here, under the title of *La Folle du Logis,* is an excellent French adaptation of Frank Vosper's *People Like Us,* which, though produced in London by a Sunday stage society, was banned for public production by the Lord Chamberlain.

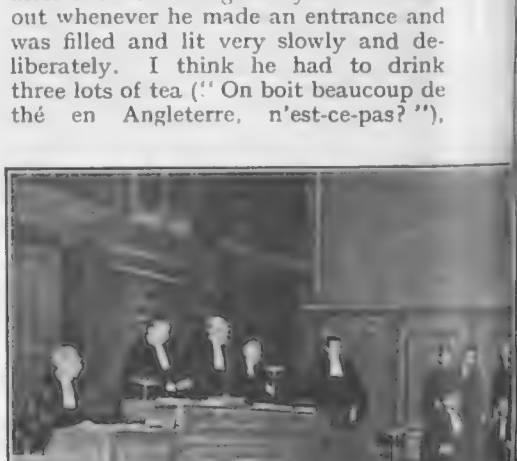
IT will be recalled that the play bore a resemblance to the famous Thompson-Bywaters case. The central figure, Ethel Underwood, lives in a London suburb and works in a bank. She marries Harold Carter, one of her mother's lodgers. Her lover is Rowley Bateson, whose occupation takes him to sea. She tries to poison her husband and fails. Rowley, returning to shore leave, stabs the husband to death. They are both condemned.

That is the bare outline of what is far more than a *crime passionel.* Rather is it an absorbing study of an extreme case of quite ordinary feminine psychology. Ethel persists in seeing life in terms of romance rather than of reality. She lies to others and to herself, because she is always playing a part. Subconsciously she sees herself as an Elinor Glyn heroine or a Robert Hichens tragedy queen.

MME. GERMAINE DERMOZ, who plays the part of Ethel so convincingly, possesses physical gifts of which none of our contemporary English actresses can boast. She is as tall as Edith Evans, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a yellow mane of hair rippling like that of some glorious Bacchante on a Grecian frieze with each turn of her well-poised head. Her Ethel was a masterful, scheming female animal; thinking, not with her brain, but with her emotions. Without any apparent artifice, with none of the tricks of "vamps" on stage, screen, or in real life, she radiated a passionate animalism beyond the footlights.

The Harold Carter of Aimé Clariond was excellent as a psychological study and faultless as to technique. No doubt to his French audience he was all that an Englishman ought to be—phlegmatic, cold, emotions warped, and eternally smoking a pipe—perhaps based on the phlegm we associate with Mr. Baldwin, whose pipe is his great asset in the eyes of caricaturists.

But that pipe became slightly comic after a time to English eyes. It came out whenever he made an entrance and was filled and lit very slowly and deliberately. I think he had to drink three lots of tea ("On boit beaucoup de thé en Angleterre, n'est-ce-pas?"),



The Dreyfus case on the Paris stage. A scene from standing (centre) between two gendarmes. On the witness This play has caused an outbreak of anti-Semitism in Paris.

THE HOUR — By J. B. Platnauer

and on each occasion he lit his pipe *before* he started his meal.

THE main faults—not without their entertainment value for an English onlooker—were to be found in the "character" parts. Mrs. Underwood, the type of respectable if somewhat scatterbrained boarding-house keeper, so ably portrayed by actresses like Muriel Aked, was made up rather like the Widow Twankey. A young "blood" of the London suburb, "walking out" with Ethel's younger sister, was no nearer a Briton than the comic "co-ed" in an American collegiate film—with giglamps, large bow tie, and the jazziest pull-over I have ever seen.

ANOTHER production that has the advantage of the familiar plot (a blessing not to be overlooked if one's French is a little rusty) is *La Lettre,* which has been revived for a limited run at the Athénée. This is, of course, Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Letter,* in which Gladys Cooper scored such a success as the lady out East, who fired six shots at a gentleman friend, and then told stories about him. Madeleine Soria, as Leslie Stanley, brought neither the looks, the assurance, nor the correct tropical clothes as did Gladys Cooper to this melodrama of the Far East. But her revolver work was good and so was her verbal fencing in her later battle of wits.

TURNING now to plays entirely French, there is M. Henri Bernstein's very successful study in modernism, *Le Jour* at the Gymnase. Briefly, it is a modern Hamlet, but worked out in terms of somewhat abstruse psychology instead of with good, honest Shakespearian slaughter.

The somewhat obscure conclusions drawn by the author are the subject of considerable discussion among French audiences. But the production is a remarkable one for Paris, for it has no fewer than sixteen cinema-esque scenes—an exceptional number for French productions—no revolving stage, and with very simple but very effective backcloths. The acting is exceedingly powerful, with Pierre Blanchar (not unlike Frank Lawton in appearance) as the modern Hamlet, the son of a Lyons manufacturer who has been murdered; Constant-Rémy, very forceful as the stepfather; Michel Simon in one of his superb character studies of a garrulous old man, and the charming Gaby Morlay in the cast.

L'Affaire Dreyfus, recently withdrawn, a French adaptation from a dullish German reconstruction of the once-famous cause célèbre, was notable chiefly for hostile demonstrations that took place in the auditorium. This was anticipated before the first night by one journal which adjured its readers: "Nous sommes au théâtre. Soyons calmes." The trial scene, with the villain of the piece, Esterhazy (M. Weber), flourishing a cane, and Zola (M. Basseuil), a dignified sufferer, came as a relief after long scenes of historically faithful but stolid declamation.

G.P.A.

Madeleine Soria, as she appeared in the French version of "Romance." She has been playing the part created by Gladys Cooper in Somerset Maugham's play, "The Letter," called, in the French version, "La Lettre," at the Théâtre de l'Athénée

E.N.A.

Victor Boucher, described as the Parisian Gerald du Maurier, appearing in "La Sexe Faible" at the Michodière Theatre

IF you have not yet seen *Le Sexe Faible,* the delightful comedy at the Michodière—it continues to be one of the most persistent successes of Paris—do not be deterred just because it has been running for a long while.

Victor Boucher, a Parisian Gerald du Maurier in his naturalism, is the deus ex machina, a suave study from life of the best-known maître d'hôtel of Paris, who smooths out all the financial and amorous difficulties of his clients as part of the day's work. There is some English spoken, too—in a nasal cockney that is ludicrously out of character.

P. and A.

Jacques Richepin's play showing the trial of Emile Zola, stand is Colonel Pickard about to slap Colonel Henry, and riotous scenes have taken place at the Théâtre Ambigu

E.N.A.

Gaby Morlay, the famous French actress, the heroine of Henri Bernstein's strong drama, "Le Jour" being played at the Gymnase Theatre

AT THE PLAY

"THE CIRCLE" AND OTHER

"The Circle," at the Vaudeville Theatre

WHEN *The Circle* was first produced at the Haymarket on March 3, 1921, I thought it not only Somerset Maugham's best play but one of the finest modern comedies I had ever seen. When *The Circle* was revived at the Vaudeville on March 2nd, 1931, this lapse of ten years in no way altered my opinion. I consider that this is still Somerset Maugham's best play and is also one of the finest of modern comedies.

THE CIRCLE does not date one little bit, for the reason, I think, that in 1921 it was before its time. I can recall that the love scenes between the young married woman and her lover were criticised then because it was thought that they were too slangy and that no couple would express their feelings thus. That criticism does not hold good to-day. In the telling of the story with cleverness of characterisation, ironic humour, and economy of means, Somerset Maugham, in this play, reveals himself a master craftsman.

ONLY one member of the original cast remains. This is Allan Aynesworth, who, once again, gives a finished portrait of Lord Porteous, the man of affairs who wrecked his public life by eloping with a married woman, a part played previously by the late Lottie Venne. Athene Seyler gives a different rendering. She may not be so irresistibly funny, but she preserves the balance better by adding to the part touches of true pathos. Celia Johnson, as the heroine, who follows in her mother-in-law's footsteps by running away, played with sincerity and charm, but let her beware of the trick of goggling her eyes when expressing emotion. This is overdone.

NIGEL PLAYFAIR gave another amusing study of middle-aged cocksureness, and Frank Vosper, as her prig of a husband, made a first-rate foil to young Peter Hannen (by courtesy of the B.B.C.!), who, by an attractive personality and quiet force made the elopement with the prig's wife not only inevitable but acceptable. This is a play which should not be missed.

Money! Money!! at the Royalty

THE English adaptation of Liugi Chiarelli's *Fuschi d'Arficio* is called *Money! Money!!* We have been told that money talks, and it is no surprise, therefore, to find a deuce of a lot of talk in this play, some of it of such inferior quality that it looked as if much of the money was base coin.

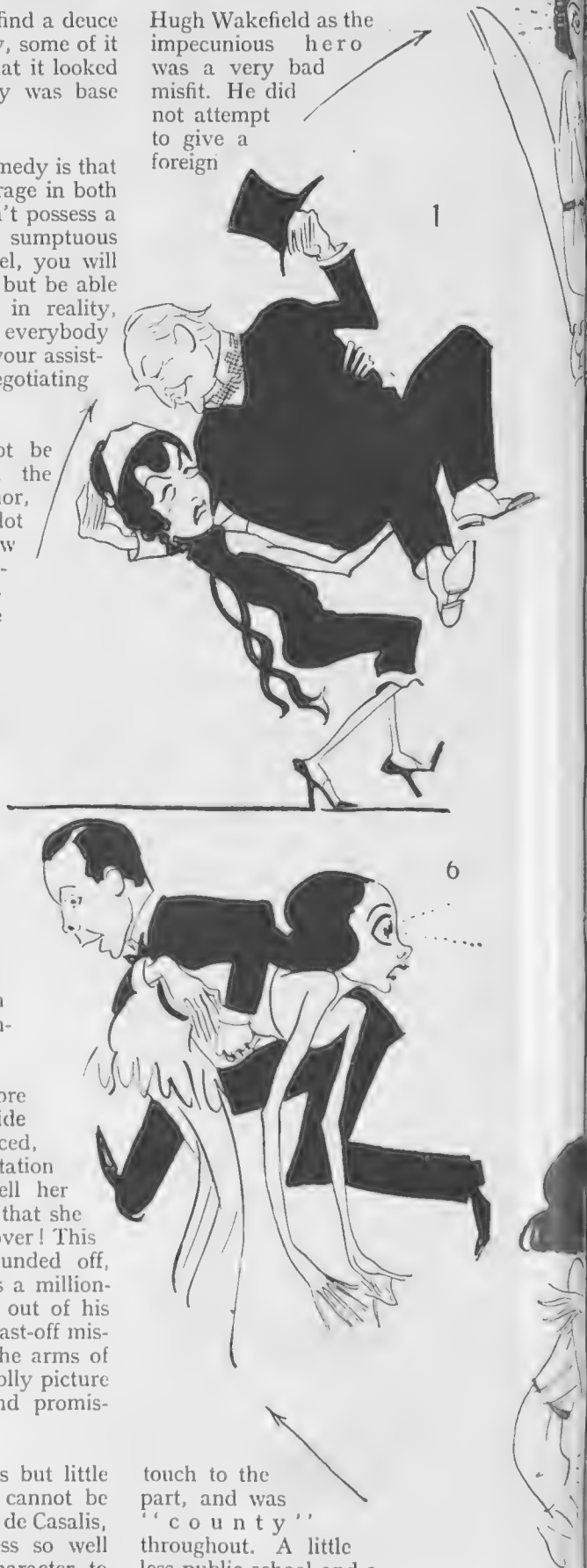
THE root idea in this comedy is that if you take your courage in both hands, and when you don't possess a bean live en prince in a sumptuous suite in an expensive hotel, you will not only get away with it but be able to become a millionaire in reality, thanks to the fact that everybody will be anxious to secure your assistance—at your price—in negotiating big financial deals.

THIS may or may not be true, but I found the story, as told by the author, hard to believe, and the plot also proves once again how difficult it is to make business affairs appear interesting or probable on the stage.

MIXED up with "deals" is the story of two attachments of the stoney-broke hero. In Act I we see him fall once again for an old love, with whom he once spent a hectic week in Venice, and who spends the night with him, while only a few hours afterwards he becomes engaged to another—younger—of the species for whom he had an innocent attachment previously.

THIS attachment is more pronounced on the side of the girl; so pronounced, in fact, that she has no hesitation in accepting advice to tell her father, quite untruthfully, that she has been seduced by her lover! This pretty story is neatly rounded off, because the girl's father is a millionaire—which gets the hero out of his financial mess—while the cast-off mistress finds consolation in the arms of the millionaire. A really jolly picture of chicanery, cupidity, and promiscuousness!

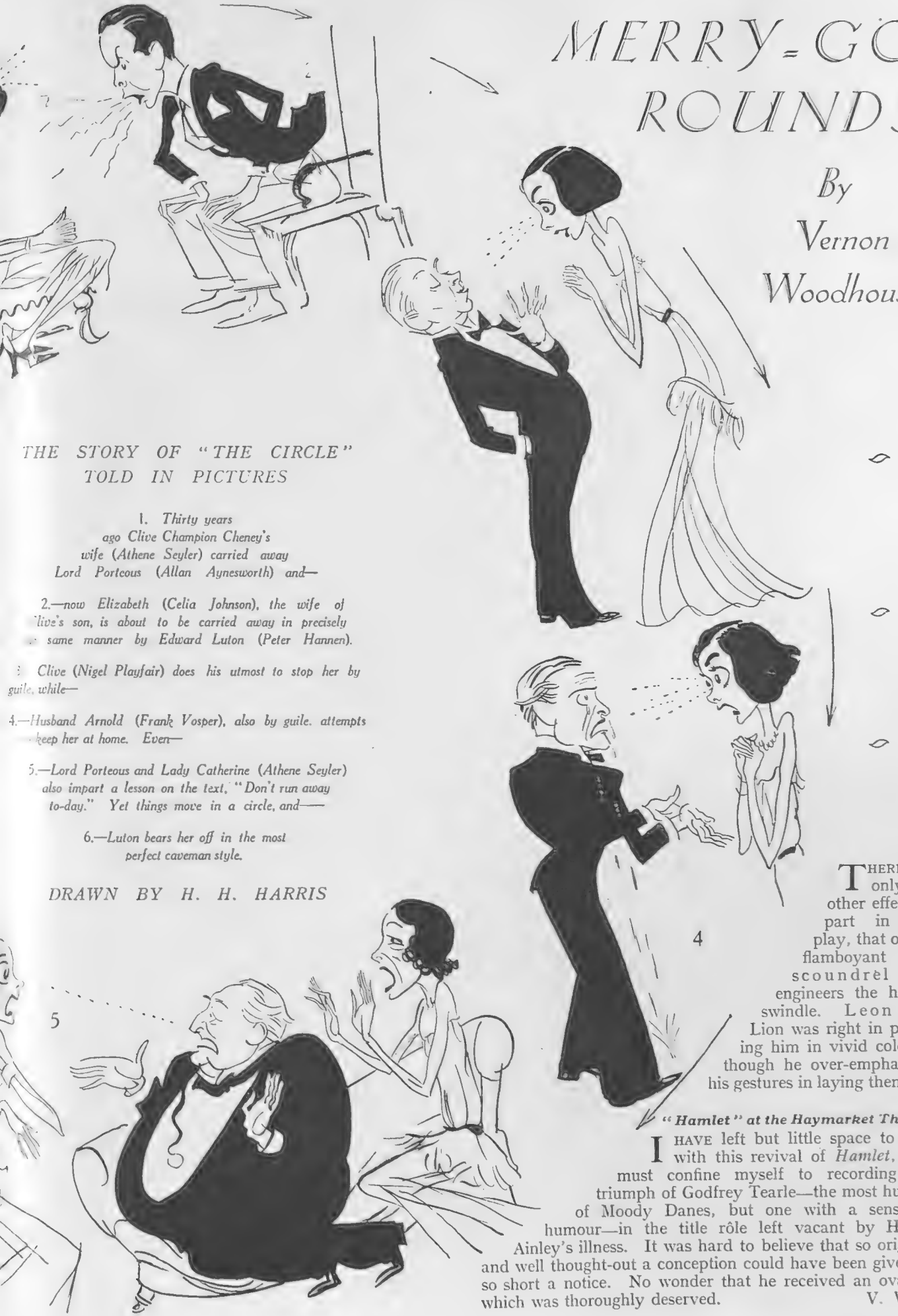
BUT though the play has but little light and shade, this cannot be said of the acting of Jeanne de Casalis, who played the ex-mistress so well that she was the only character to excite real sympathy. Whether the author intended this I do not know, but it was the saving of the play.



Hugh Wakefield as the impecunious hero was a very bad misfit. He did not attempt to give a foreign touch to the part, and was "county" throughout. A little less public school and a little more public house would have been much more in key with a character none too interesting.

MERRY-GO ROUNDS

By Vernon Woodhouse



THE STORY OF "THE CIRCLE" TOLD IN PICTURES

1. *Thirty years ago Clive Champion Cheney's wife (Athene Seyler) carried away Lord Porteous (Allan Aynesworth) and—*

2.—*now Elizabeth (Celia Johnson), the wife of Clive's son, is about to be carried away in precisely the same manner by Edward Luton (Peter Hannen).*

3. *Clive (Nigel Playfair) does his utmost to stop her by guile, while—*

4.—*Husband Arnold (Frank Vosper), also by guile, attempts to keep her at home. Even—*

5.—*Lord Porteous and Lady Catherine (Athene Seyler) also impart a lesson on the text, "Don't run away to-day." Yet things move in a circle, and——*

6.—*Luton bears her off in the most perfect caveman style.*

DRAWN BY H. H. HARRIS

THERE is only one other effective part in the play, that of the flamboyant little scoundrel who engineers the hero's swindle. Leon M. Lion was right in painting him in vivid colours, though he over-emphasised his gestures in laying them on.

"Hamlet" at the Haymarket Theatre

I HAVE left but little space to deal with this revival of *Hamlet*, and must confine myself to recording the triumph of Godfrey Tearle—the most human of Moody Danes, but one with a sense of humour—in the title rôle left vacant by Henry Ainley's illness. It was hard to believe that so original and well thought-out a conception could have been given at so short a notice. No wonder that he received an ovation which was thoroughly deserved. V. W.

FLYING NOTES

BRITAIN TEACHES THE WORLD TO FLY

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

An Avro Lynx training machine, a type which will be used by the International Flying School at Hamble

An International Flying School

PRELIMINARY details have been published about the International Flying School which has been formed, with the approval and support of the Air Ministry, for training pilots of all nationalities, both Service and civil, on land and sea aircraft. The headquarters of the School will be at Hamble, on Southampton Water, where the Avro Company has been established for many years. Sir John Higgins, K.C.B., D.S.O., who was until recently a member of the Air Council, and is now head of the Armstrong Siddeley group, together with Mr. J. D. Siddeley, are directors, and Group-Captain Barton, O.B.E., has been appointed commandant of the School. The need for an international training establishment has been apparent for a long time, and it is quite natural that this should be established in England. During the War the Gosport School, under Colonel Smith-Barry, set a standard for instructors which has never been equalled, and this tradition, having been passed on to the Central Flying School of the Royal Air Force, will now be shared by the civil establishment just formed. The opening date of the School is April 14, and anyone interested in qualifying for certificates which will become recognised internationally, like those current in the British Mercantile Marine, should write to Hamble for a prospectus. Recent correspondence in *The Times* concerning unqualified instructors has indicated that some definite grading is required for newcomers. None of the flying clubs or reputable schools employ other than highly skilled men for teaching others to fly, but in the absence of regulations it is a good thing that "degrees" in the theory and practice of flight will be available in future.

Current Events

I HAVE heard very few more interesting accounts of long-distance flights than those given by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce since her return to England. She is lecturing in London at the Æolian Hall on the 17th of this month, at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m., showing slides and films of one of the most interesting flights which has ever been undertaken. Most cross-country pilots have had little time to make a pictorial record of their journey, but Mrs. Bruce did not attempt a high-speed flight to Japan and across America, therefore she was able to make notes and get illustrations of great value and interest for those who will pass over the same country in future. The chair will be taken by Lady Elibank at the afternoon lecture, and by the Master of Sempill in the evening. Miss Delphine Reynolds, who is proceeding to South Africa via the West Coast, is using one of the latest type Blackburn Bluebirds, with an inverted Gypsy engine. Placing the engine on its back has improved the view from the Bluebird so much that it would seem good policy to standardise the machine in this form. A very slight disadvantage of side-by-side seating has been that the broader fuselage reduces the visibility forward, in that whoever is flying the machine can only look out over one side Using an inverted engine, the view compares most favourably with all other light planes. Captain Neville Stack, well known as an exhibition pilot and demonstrator for Smith's instruments, will attempt a return flight to Australia quite soon, using a Vickers mail carrier, with a top speed of 150 miles an hour.

A pupil undergoing instruction in a Hoverplane, the invention of two Farnham men which has been successfully demonstrated to the Air Ministry. It consists of an ordinary aeroplane anchored to the ground on a special mounting

The Progress of Flying

OVER a million miles were flown by members of the Automobile Association last year, and special flying maps were issued covering about half that distance. Every month requests for air route information indicate that people are going farther and farther afield, and the seasonal nature of private flying is ceasing to exist. During the winter, the South of France, North Africa, Egypt and the Near East have been popular destinations. The "A.A." air maps for hire have been increased to cover nearly 10,000 miles in Europe where fully equipped landing grounds are available.

The Young 'un: "Had a sad disappointment the other day—George asked me down to taste a bottle of brandy that he'd found in his father's cellar—been there years and years."

The Old Stager: "Well, what happened, did the butler drop it?"

The Young 'un: "No, but it was terrible—fiery as the devil."

The Old Stager: "Bottled young, that's why. Age in bottle is no good to a liqueur brandy. Age in *cask* is what counts. That's one reason why I like 'Cordon Bleu,' age in cask guaranteed, Age *and* Quality, of course."

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

25/- PER BOTTLE

Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants

the BYSTANDER

£500 GOLF TROPHY

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1931

at STOKE POGES CLUB

A view of the club-house and the eighteen-hole putting course at Stoke Poges. The photograph was taken from the 11th green

THIS year the competition for "The Bystander" Challenge Trophy will be held at Stoke Poges Club, Slough (G.W. Railway).

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over thirty-six holes (Medal play).

A silver cup will be presented to the winning professional and a similar cup to his lady partner.

Invitations have been sent to a large number of clubs in and around London. Stoke Poges Club is making all competitors Temporary Members on Monday, March 23, so that on the day before the competition those who wish to do so may have an opportunity to practise.

All competitors will be entertained to luncheon and tea by "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies on the day of the competition.

Above is seen a replica of the cups which will be presented to the winners of the "Bystander" Trophy on March 24. Last year's winners were Miss M. P. Horsfield, of Verulam, and Abe Mitchell

Conditions of "The Bystander" Contest.

Professionals to be rated at PLUS 4.

Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.

Pairs to receive three-eighths of the combined handicap.

All ties for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places must be played off next day, March 25, unless otherwise agreed to by the competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicap, etc., will be decided by the managing Committee in charge of the meeting, whose decision shall be final.

A draw will be made for starting times.

★ ***Will those competitors who wish to practise at Stoke Poges on March 23 please notify the Club Secretary so that arrangements can be made for caddies.***

CHELSEA'S COLLAPSE IN THE CUP TIE

S. & G.

Chelsea did not flatter their supporters or the overwhelming crowd last Wednesday, when they replayed Birmingham. They were defeated by 3—0 and were always a beaten side. There was no confidence. Millington (Chelsea), in goal, clearing a strong attack. With Crawford he was the only man who lived up to his reputation

S. & G.

Chelsea on the defence, as usual. A feature of the play was the manner in which Chelsea players went down like ninepins. Townrow and Bishop were badly hurt, Cheyne also, but the others were constantly falling about, as seen in this picture

Central News

Millington just before Birmingham's first goal. Properly, Birmingham, who played fast football whilst Chelsea were slow and passed wildly, should have been 3 goals up at half-time before the cripple-half occurred. Crawford was the only Chelsea forward who played brilliantly

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Model 2914.
This attractive model is made in fine line stripe in a variety of colours.

Model 5344.
A belted blouse in plain colours of all shades. Trimming of pin tucking and stitchery in a darker shade to tone with material.

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for everything that's new and good in stockinettes, jersey tweeds, and "woollies" for town and country wear.

KNITTED in tweed effect, this three-piece suit has a very new skirt, a well-cut cardigan-coat with plain revers and facings, and a contrasting jumper, patterned in the tweed. In blue, brown, bottle or black-and-grey mixtures, it is priced at only

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AT MODERATE PRICES

The perfection of tailoring and workmanship achieved in our Children's Department is unrivalled. All the coats are man-tailored, cleverly cut, combined with simplicity of style. Further, the moderately priced garments are of the same high standard of workmanship and finish as our more expensively priced models, and the materials used can be thoroughly recommended to give every satisfaction in wear.

Little Girl's Coat in knotted hopsack tweed in mixture colourings of green or blue.

		Price
Size for 2 years.	18 ins.	**£5 19 6**
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Hat to match, price **49/6**

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Catalogue Post Free.

Sent on approval.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

FASHIONABLE EVENING LOUNGE SUIT

A study in contrasts are these lovely lounge suits or pyjamas from the Galeries Lafayette. The chef d'œuvre on the left is of the softest silver lamé imaginable, the trousers are exceptionally wide, while the corsage was inspired by the surcoat of the days of Henry V. The model on the right is of satin enriched with embroidery and is of Chinese conception

COURT FROCKS and NATURAL LOVELINESS

There is a beauty aid for every need in the pleasant salons of Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, W. It is there that the much-to-be-desired natural loveliness may be attained and the beauty of youth regained without exercise, rules or risk

Their Majesties' Courts

As soon as the Lord Chamberlain had announced that Their Majesties would hold the Courts on the 19th and 20th May and the 9th and 10th June, Reville's, of Hanover Square, submitted to the Queen a series of drawings representing débutantes and their chaperons in Court dresses. The newest ideas of fashion were mirrored in them, as well as certain features that have, in accordance with the regulations, to be present. They were passed, and are in a room in the Lord Chamberlain's office, where they may be viewed by all interested in the subject. They have been designed so that they can be carried out in materials made by British workers on British looms. The débutantes' dresses are rather shorter than last year; they come just below the ankles revealing the feet, and some of the dresses are enriched with embroidery.

Essentially modish are the shoes that bear the name of Dolcis. They are made in the newest fabrics and colours

Natural Loveliness

It is the aim and delight of all properly constituted women to be fashionable in matters regarding the complexion as well as in dress. There is a decided penchant to-day for natural loveliness—that is to say, that the students of beauty improve the face, but not by altering it. Suppose, for instance, the delicate "blush" is rather too pale; a touch of rouge will rectify this, or there is a troublesome line that will not yield to massage; well, this may be obliterated with cream and powder. Another thing to be remembered is that the lipstick and the rouge must be of the same shade. Sun-brown tones are banished, a complexion of strawberries and cream being the ambition of the great majority. Now, in the salons of Phyllis Earle there is a corrective for every little defect, and women are shown that it is the simplest thing in the world to cultivate and increase their physical charms.

Concerning Footwear

Dolcis is, indeed, a name to conjure with where footwear is concerned. They have salons almost everywhere in London, including Piccadilly Circus and New Bond Street, as well as in the large towns and cities throughout the United Kingdom. All post orders should be addressed to the headquarters, The Dolcis Shoe Co., Great Dover Street, S.E.1. By the way, they are making a feature of shoes in an Oxford blue shade, and women who have faith in the success of the Oxford crew should certainly make a point of wearing shoes of that colour during the ensuing weeks. It is Dolcis shoes that are pictured on this page. There is the sandal at the top of the group on the right. It is of coloured lizard with silver kid piping; priced 35*s.* per pair. Below it is a black matt kid Court shoe with an extra high Louis heel; the bow is of kid; at 22*s.* 6*d.* per pair. The stumpy American heel is an important feature of the one at the base. Black matt and lizard are present in the model at the top of the group on the left. Below it is a Derby tie shoe with a high leather Cuban heel; it is available in tan willow calf or black matt kid for 22*s.* 6*d.* The model at the base shows the latest version of the instep tie shoe; it is available in coloured glacé kid, patent, and matt kid.

Perfection of cut is a salient feature of the Dolcis shoes. Coloured lizard piped with silver kid makes the sandal

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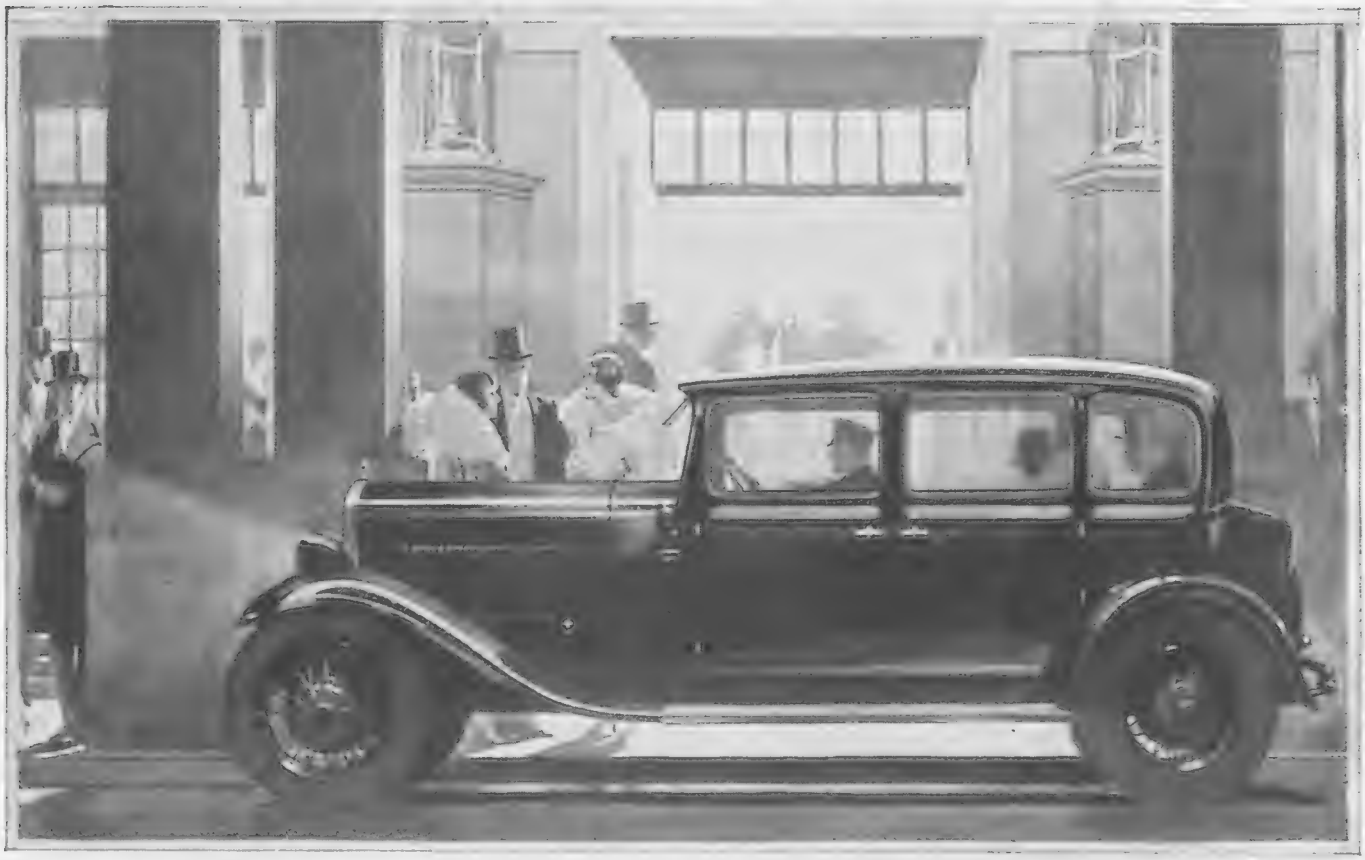
"Over 200,000 miles covered— replacements and spares negligible"



*Owner Report No. 334; Austin Twenty. Car No. P.1831; Registered 1920.

THE TWENTY MAYFAIR SALOON

If you have money to burn—if you are prepared to change your car, say every year—there are many cars that may satisfy you.

But if you want a car for the years—not merely the car of the year—you will be wise to choose an Austin. For in each Austin car is built far more than an owner can take out.

Nowhere is evidence of this more convincingly shown than in this Owner Report:—

The car, purchased in 1920, has done well over 200,000 miles—the second speedometer gave out at 170,000 miles. The original engine bearings have not been renewed, yet they show practically no wear.

Nor was this car's path an easy one—but under the formidable tropical conditions of Trinidad and on so-called 'roads' encountered in opening up oil-fields abroad. Yet replacements and spares have been negligible . . . . which shows that it takes much to break the heart of an Austin.

When considering your next car, therefore—bear in mind the significance of this testimony. Then see your nearest Austin dealer.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are solicited or published in this series of reports.*

The Twenty Mayfair Saloon (as Illustrated)

£530

(At Works)

Upholstered in Vaumol grain hide. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish and Dunlop tyres. Whitehall Saloon (4 window) £530. Ranelagh Limousine £575 Marlborough Landaulet £525. Sunshine roof £10.

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AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company, Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

MOTOR NOTES

Henry Mollinson and Dorothy Boyd in the fine Bentley car they use during part of the new talkie comedy, "Third Time Lucky." This British film will be seen in the West End shortly

BUY A BABY—OR TWINS

By E. M. Wright

A MONTH or two ago we looked upon the one-hundred-pound car as an almost impossible ideal, but within a few weeks of its appearance comes news of a car which will sell at well under £100. Neither model is a freak put upon the market more with an eye to sensational advertisement than to solid business. Both are sponsored by concerns of first-class reputation, both, it can be confidently asserted, are cars that are cheap only in the matter of price. It would not pay the firms in question to cut costs by skimping either materials or workmanship.

***

WHAT makes the baby car so popular? Why, with such a wide range to choose from, are buyers, not only in this country but throughout the world, turning more and more to the small light vehicles which, when they first appeared on the market less than a decade ago, were the butt of as much derisive merriment as a certain world-famous model of that day hailing from Detroit. These are hard times, the talk on all men's lips is of economy, and the baby car represents the very last word in economy.

NOT only are such cars ridiculously cheap to buy, but even in countries not ridden by the horse-power tax they are the cheapest to run, for, quite apart from their low tax, they will give a very big mileage per gallon of petrol and will consume a correspondingly small amount of lubricating oil. Insurance costs less; tyres cost less; almost every renewal or repair costs less than is the case with bigger cars. Those whose bank balances are either steadily dwindling or remain in a state of arrested development, are naturally attracted by a car involving the smallest possible initial outlay and the very minimum of overhead charges, for in these days curtailing of expenditure as far as possible is essential.

The four Humber cars used by the Prince of Wales and Prince George during their recent visit to Jamaica. The cars were supplied by the British Motor Car Co., Ltd., the Jamaica distributors of Humber-Hillman-Commer Combine, Ltd.

QUITE apart from its appeal to our pockets, the baby car definitely possesses advantages which attract buyers, even from among those who could well afford a larger and more expensive type of car. Many a motorist who bought his first baby car chiefly on the grounds of economy buys a second or a third because he definitely likes the type. The more crowded our streets become the more popular grows the baby, for a nippy little baby is much handier in a London street than a sedate, luxurious saloon of many times its horse-power and many times its size.

***

LOOKING after a baby is simplicity itself. Take one every-day instance—cleaning the car. One bucketful of water is enough to make a first-class job of a baby. A normal man can reach any part of its body, including the roof, without indulging in gymnastic feats. The very price at which such cars are sold compels the makers to adopt the simplest possible lay-out; and, catering as they do exclusively for the owner-driver, they seek by every possible means to reduce the work of maintenance to the barest minimum.

***

FEW men nowadays buy a car in which any pretence has been made towards exclusive individuality. The car is not looked upon as a treasure to be cherished with something of the awe with which one regards a rare piece of porcelain. In the vast majority of cases motoring is merely an alternative to travelling by train or 'bus. The car is a means of transport. All that the owner-driver asks of his bus is that it shall take him on his journeyings as quickly and as comfortably as possible and with the minimum of effort on his part. The cheaper the car is to buy, and the less it costs to run, the better pleased he is. His transport costs him less.

***

THERE are those, too, who would rather have two or more small utility cars than one large-ish luxury vehicle. A friend of mine not long ago was greatly torn between the desire to possess a smart high-powered saloon, costing round about £450, and the fear that if he bought it his wife or his family would so frequently borrow it as to deprive him almost entirely of its use. Fear conquered; and he bought not two but three baby saloons, much to the disgust — at first—of his wife, who had rather banked upon queening it among her baby-owning friends. Amity has, however, long

(Continued on page iv)

MARCH 14TH to 28TH

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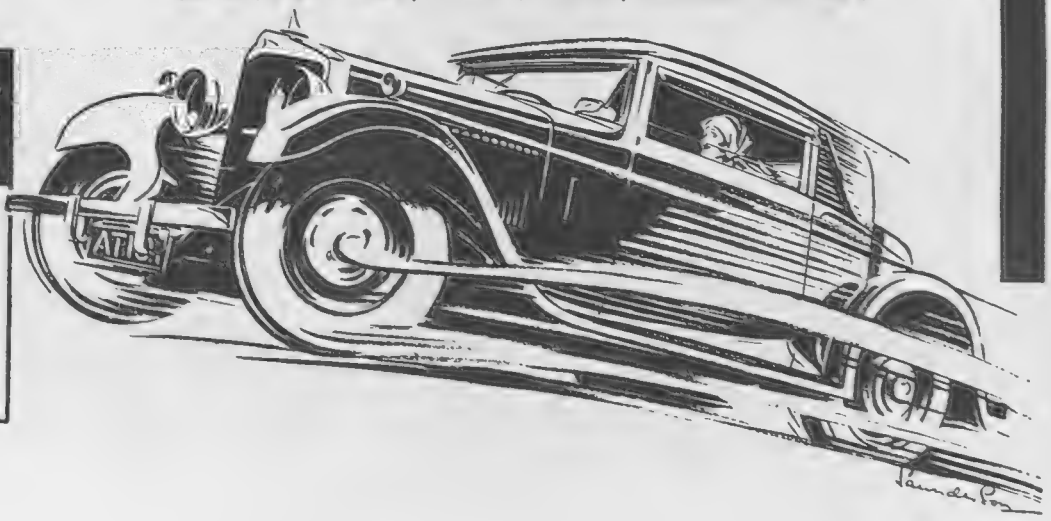
The only car in the World to do 500 miles without a single stop for anything. Average speed 103 m.p.h



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Please send a Talbot for trial run to
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Time ..... "Bystander"

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

since descended upon the household, amity indeed such as has never been known since my friend invested in his first car. While he pursues his lawful occupation in the City, his better half has free use of a car for her own expeditions; and on high days and holidays the family is willing enough to leave "the old things" one of the cars, provided they may commandeer the other two.

***

Taxes cost a little more; insurance is a little heavier on his fleet of three baby cars than it would have been for one comparatively big car. His initial outlay was about the same, but expenditure on fuel, oil, and repairs is, if anything, rather less; for though in the aggregate these three cars cover a greater mileage than would have been possible had he possessed one car only, mile for mile, each is cheaper to run than the bigger, more expensive saloon which first took his fancy. And, lastly, for a comparatively small additional cost he can provide transport for twelve instead of only five people.

IN THE NEWS

New Hornet Model

Though most baby cars were originally designed purely as cheap utility vehicles, the type is proving more and more popular among those who want a small, cheap car with sporting lines and a sporting performance. The Baby Four, with a specially tuned engine and a racy two-seater body, is a commonplace. Now it is the turn of the Baby Six. Hitherto, for example, the Wolseley Hornet, the first Baby Six to appear on the market, has only been available as a saloon; but the makers have lately introduced a semi-sports two-seater costing only £198, which, with its streamlined fabric body, deep radiator and vee-type windscreen, is an attractive addition to the Wolseley range. The high speeds claimed for this new model are not due to "hotting-up" the engine; the chassis is, in fact, a perfectly standard job. The specification includes Lockheed hydraulic brakes, a twelve-volt electrical equipment, pneumatic upholstery and chromium plating.

A 12 h.p. Singer Sunshine Saloon which has been in India for over three years. Despite the scorching sun, it has had no need to be repainted

Testing to Destruction

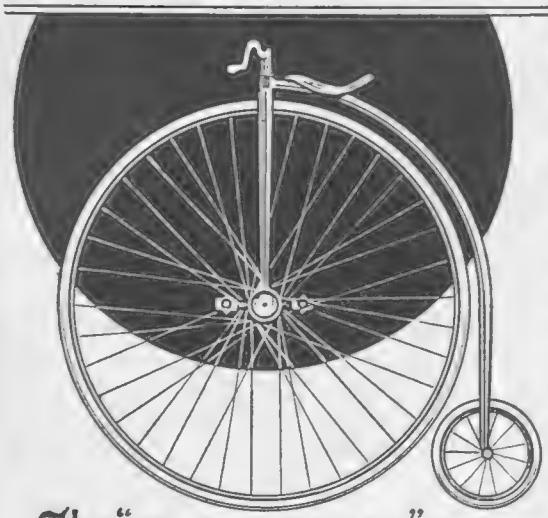
The wearing properties of any part of a car have nowadays been reduced to an exact mathematical formula. Every important maker of cars or accessories maintains research laboratories and testing shops, and all of them, of course, are continually engaged in testing on the road. The Dunlop people, for instance, have, in addition to a well-equipped laboratory, a whole shop in which specially designed machines, running day and night, put tyres through an exhaustive series of tests; while they also maintain a large fleet of vehicles of all kinds for experimental work on the road. In the course of this testing 2½ million tyre and wheel miles are covered every year. The company has lately brought out a well-illustrated booklet entitled "How Dunlop Quality is Maintained," in which the various tests are fully described. Copies of this booklet may be obtained from the General Service Manager, Fort Dunlop.

Humber Owners

More famous names have recently been added to the already long list of illustrious owners of Humber cars. Messrs. Humber have had the honour of supplying a "Pullman" limousine to His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, and a 16-50 h.p. coachbuilt saloon to Miss Ryan, the well-known tennis player.

E. M. W

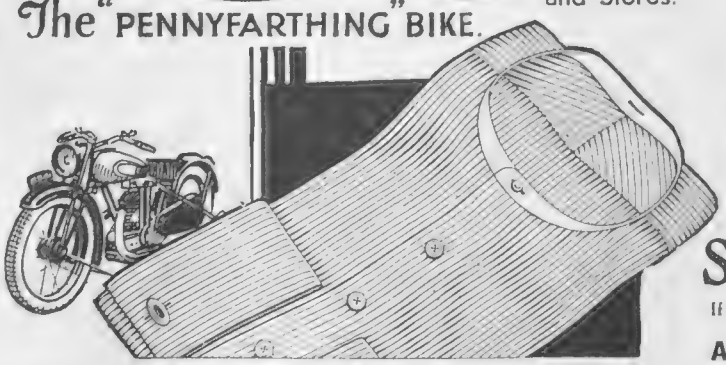
WONDERS OF THE AGES....



They marvelled at the first bike...

that attained quite six miles an hour! But this generation does not accept finality. Men's preference for "TRICOLINE" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas is a tribute to ever-improving quality, silkily supple texture and sterling service. The fast and serviceable colourings you admire are plentiful in the ranges of well-cut garments obtainable from leading Hosiers, Outfitters, and Stores.

The "PENNYFARTHING" BIKE.



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Rainproof yet Porous. Light yet Warm

There's no use talking-TASTE IT!

To know that you could have no better Whisky—one that is **12** years old—with the true Highland flavour about it—*that* is the satisfaction to be derived from Mackinlay's **M.L.**

Not quite as old but almost as good is Mackinlay's **V.O.B.**

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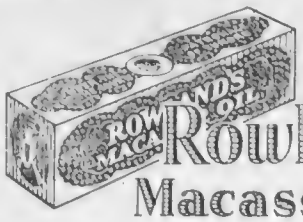

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be sure to slip a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap in your bag. It wards off infection and keeps the skin in a healthy condition. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is exceptionally soothing and emollient. Use it as soon as you arrive at the end of your journey and you will be refreshed—free from the fatigue of travelling.

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DOGS

TELL US MORE — By Lady Kitty Ritson

At the risk of repeating myself I feel I must write a little more on the subject of skin troubles, as I get so many letters from correspondents who ask me to diagnose such complaints. Even the well-known veterinary surgeon who advises on ailments in this column, and to whom I forward enquiries, cannot be expected to give any useful advice when a correspondent says: "My dog has eczema, what can I do?" To begin with, every skin affection is not eczema, and even then there are two varieties, wet and dry. Skin trouble might be mange, it might be lice, it might be non-parasitical and come from the blood and want of condition. So you see that if you want advice about skin troubles you must give the symptoms, and just to say that a dog is scratching is not enough.

On the whole it is as well to take a dog to a vet. if you don't know why he is scratching, because the latter can make a microscopical examination. Having done so, he will at least be able to tell you whether it is parasitical or not, and can advise you on what to do.

Even so, and I am sure the veterinary profession will agree with me, skin troubles are the most difficult to cure of all ailments. Possibly, our dogs live too civilised an existence, and we don't feed them quite rightly. In addition, you must remember that a dog can only sweat through his tongue and, to a minor degree, through his pads, therefore he has not got the same facilities as other animals for getting rid of impurities.

In a state of nature his food would not be sufficient to enable his blood to be clogged. (This is all couched in very unscientific language, but it will explain what I mean.) We feed him very well and often under-exercise him, and this may be one of the causes of skin troubles. It is a sound general rule to change the dog's feeding if the trouble is non-parasitical. Stop all meat and only give biscuit, or else vice versa. But a dog may scratch if he is in poor condition, and he may need feeding up and giving cod-liver oil, so you see it is absolutely necessary to get medical advice.

Mange is easy to contract and easy to cure, but many veterinary surgeons are averse from telling their clients that their dogs are suffering from this disease, as the latter take it as a personal insult. One poor vet. told me that he lost a rich client because he informed her that her Peke had got mange. It is just the same if you tell people that their drains are out of order, or that their great-grandfather was hanged. They lose all sense of humour and fly into a rage.

Skin troubles are difficult to diagnose and a dog can get quite ill through them. I have a big, strong animal who at intervals suffers from bad pads. He goes to skin and bone, and is frightfully depressed. I let him suffer and look after his feet himself, because I have tried everything, and I have come to the conclusion that there is some poison in the blood stream, which had better come out. I am to blame in this case, for the dog in question is too in-bred. Therefore, when buying a puppy for a pet, look at his pedigree and avoid dogs with too much in-breeding, and especially incestuous breeding.

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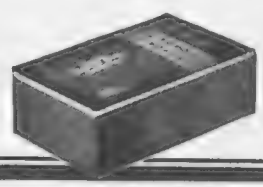

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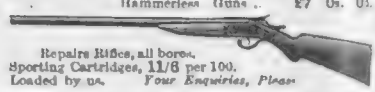

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Luncheon

Crabe au Gratin.

Côtelettes de Mouton à l'Epicure.
Carottes à la Maître d'Hôtel.

Pouding de Mocha.

Anchois à la Diable.

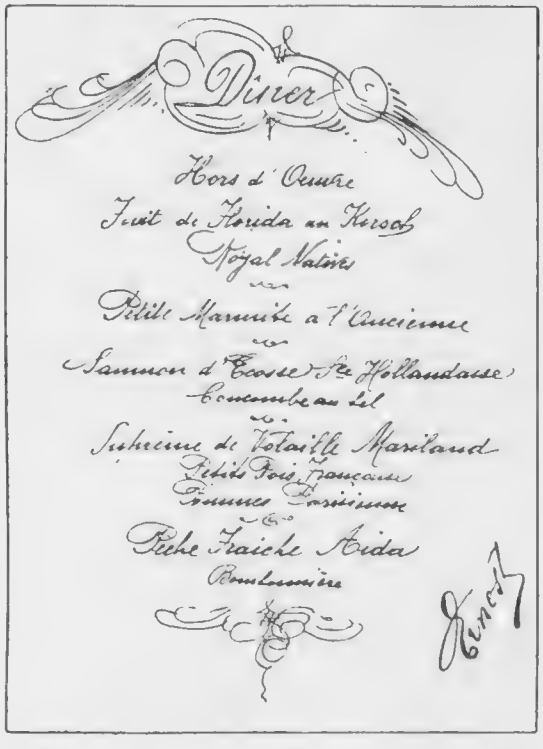
Café.

Crabe au Gratin

Remove the meat from a boiled crab, pound it well, and add to it a slight flavouring of pepper and nutmeg, 1½ tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of tarragon vinegar, 2 ozs. of breadcrumbs, and 1½ ozs. of butter. Mix all well together and put the mixture in the shell of the crab. Cover the top with breadcrumbs, place a few pieces of butter on top, and put the shell in the oven to get hot through and the crumbs browned. Serve garnished with parsley.

Côtelettes de Mouton à l'Epicure

Cut some cutlets and trim them. Mix equal quantities of grated Parmesan cheese and fine breadcrumbs. Dip the cutlets into a good rich brown sauce, then into the bread and Parmesan, then into beaten yolk of egg, into which a little salt and very finely chopped parsley and chives have been mixed. Then fry them and serve them in a crown with spaghetti in the middle, pour hot tomato sauce over, and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.



The menu of a dinner served at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. It has been signed by Ernest, the restaurant manager

Carottes à la Maître d'Hôtel

Wash and scrape a bunch of young spring carrots and boil them in plenty of slightly salted water till tender, and drain them in a colander. Heat up in a pan about 1½ ozs. of butter, put in the carrots, toss them over the fire for a few minutes, sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour, and moisten with a gill of white stock. Stir till it boils, then add two or three tablespoonfuls of cream and also one small tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and half a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Allow to cook very gently for another ten minutes, then dish up and serve very hot.

Pouding de Mocha

Beat ¼ lb. fresh butter and ¼ lb. castor sugar to a cream. Add the yolks of two eggs and some very strong coffee to taste. This must be done very gradually, so as not to curdle the mixture. It should look like a very thick mayonnaise sauce. Line a china mould with some sponge fingers, then put alternate layers of sponge cake and the mixture till the mould is full. Press down and allow to stand for two hours. Turn out, pipe with a little of the mixture, and stick browned almonds over, or cover with cream and decorate with violets.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

In Aid of Charity

At the Golden Apple Charity Matinée held at the Regal Theatre on Tuesday, March 3, a Golden Apple was presented to H.R.H. The Duchess of York on her arrival at the theatre. The Golden Apple was specially made and presented by J. C. Vickery, of 145, Regent Street. During the interval Her Royal Highness handed back the Golden Apple to the Charity. It was subsequently offered for auction by Viscount Brentford, and sold to the highest bidder.

An Interesting Exhibition

An exhibition which should be of particular interest to every motorist is being organised by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., the well-known dealers in motor cars. It is a special show of all models of the famous Talbot Six, which built up such a fine reputation for reliability in road and track events during 1930. Among the exceptional performances of Talbot cars were the results of their participation in the Irish Grand Prix and Ulster Tourist Trophy last year; in which events they were the only cars to complete the whole course without a single stop of any kind—a truly remarkable achievement, particularly as the average speeds attained were 74 and 68 m.p.h respectively. Talbot also holds the distinction of being the only car in the world to cover 500 miles without a stop for any purpose. This was accomplished in the 500-Mile Race at Brooklands in October last year, at an average speed of over 103 m.p.h. Particulars of this exhibition will be found in our advertisement columns, and an unusual feature is a coupon which, filled up and sent to Messrs. Pass and Joyce, brings a car to your door for a trial run during the period of the show, which is March 14 to 28.

A Delightful Engraving

On pages 448 and 449 is seen a reproduction of the delightful mezzotint engraving in colour from the painting by Ben Marshall. This picture of Tom Oldaker, for thirty-two years the huntsman of the Old Berkeley, on his hunter, Brush, was executed in 1800, and will undoubtedly prove of interest to all sportsmen and those interested in sport. Remarque artist's proofs of this mezzotint engraving, which are limited to three hundred and fifty copies, are obtainable from Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., of 10, Clare Street, Bristol, and 26c, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, and a proof may be seen at the Art Galleries of the above-mentioned firm. The price of these remarque artist's proofs is £8 8s. each.

The British team which won the International Bobsleigh Competition in Switzerland, seen at Kurverein St. Moritz. A team of officers of the Royal Air Force won third place in the contest

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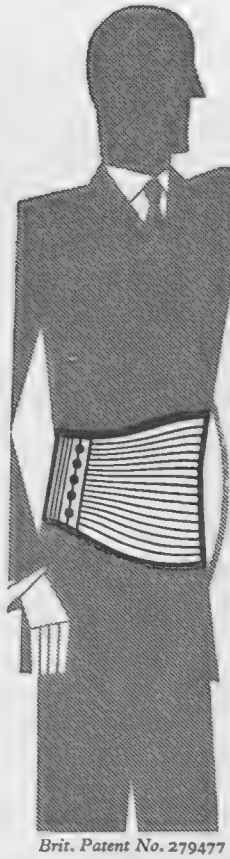

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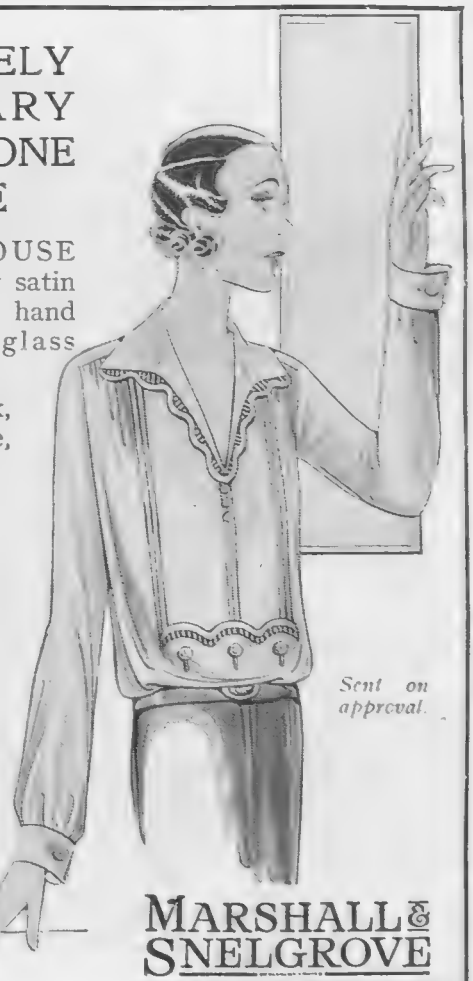

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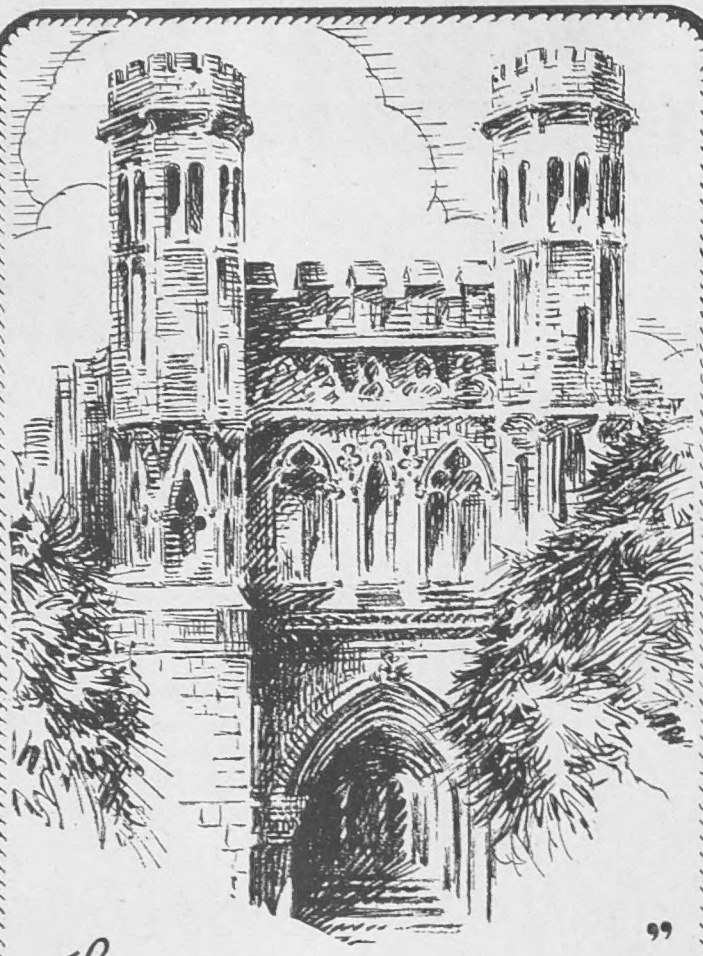

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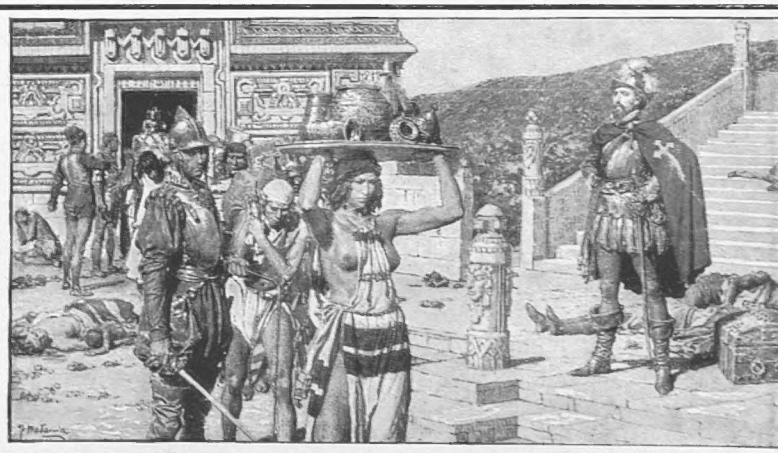
In "THE TRAGIC FATE OF PIZARRO, THE CONQUEROR OF PERU," one of the Tragedies and Comedies of History described by Norman Hill, and painted by F. Matania, R.I.



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Duggie : "Not at all, Sir Edward. I look upon myself as being a servant of the racing public, and have made arrangements to accept my clients' bets either at Starting Price or Tote odds."

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Duggie : "Simply that my clients can use any Post Office for telegraphing or 'phoning their commissions."

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Duggie : "No difference whatever, Sir Edward; the same 'no limit' terms which made my firm famous, and no alteration in time limits—£10 up to the advertised time, and when racing, up to the 'off.'"

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Duggie : "There is no facility offered by the Tote which my clients may not enjoy."

Sir Edward : "Splendid! When one considers you do it all on credit, it would appear you offer even greater facilities."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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